

ULATIS.



V.H.S.

1919















*The Ulatis*

*Published by the Class of 1919*

*Vacaville*

*Union High School*

*Vacaville, California*

*May, 1919*







*To the Former Students  
of  
Vacaville High School  
Who Fought to  
"Make the World Safe For Democracy."*



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## Foreword

We have labored for months through the mists and haze of doubt, discouragement and embarrassment, to give to the public a glimpse of our "inside" school life—the life behind the books and buildings. We have at last reached the sunlight.

In this book, the "Ulati," we feel that we have embodied all phases of school life, and we know the public will appreciate our efforts.

—The Editor.

## Faculty

Mr. E. W. Stoddard (Principal)-----Latin, French

Mr. G. P. McGrew (Vice Principal)-----

-----Chemistry, Biology, Geometry, Trigonometry

Mrs. Mae Davisson-----English, Algebra I

Miss Helen Dormody-----History, Spanish

Miss Margaret Chase-----Domestic Science Department

Miss Grace Kirkpatrick-----Commercial Department



## **Tribute To the Seniors**

(With apologies to Gray's "Elegy.")

The curfew tolls the knell of parting Seniors,  
Slowly they wind their way across the lea,  
Holding aloft their treasured new diplomas  
And leave forlorn old Vaca High to me.

For them no more shall the worthy gong ring,  
Ne'er again will they climb the dear old hill;  
And the halls that rang with their merry talk  
Are gloomy and lonely and still.

The beautiful, the wise, the truants, too,  
The sad and happy, the early and the late  
Await alike the inevitable hour  
For all must some day graduate.

Can they, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
Leave this old school without a single tear,  
Forsake the pleasures and the comrades, too,  
And all the things which are to them so dear?

Full many a girl of fair beauty serene  
This rare unusual Senior Class has borne;  
Full many a boy of wisdom so intense  
He'll later laugh the very world to scorn.

—Lorena Watts, '21.



LELAND FISHER

(Editor)

"What every skeptic could inquire for;  
For every why he had a wherefore."



MINA M. CLARK

(Assistant Editor)

"In the black eyes' sparkling spell  
Mystery and mischief dwell."



CHAS. FOTHERINGHAM

(Business Manager)

"Brevity is the soul of wit."



BOYD PARKER

(Assistant Business Manager)

"His eye was blue and calm,  
As is the sky in the serenest noon."





LELAND LYON

(Class President)

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
To relish a joke, and rejoice at a pun."



AMELIA MONTGOMERY

(Vice President)

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."



LEE McCRORY

(Class Secretary)

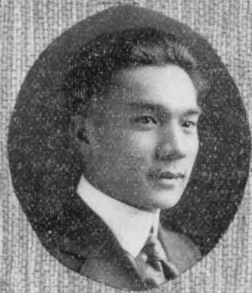
"The wisdom of many, and the wit of  
one."



MONRITTA GATES

(Class Treasurer)

"Virtue is her own reward."



WAH YEE

"Not for himself, but for the world he lives."



KATHERINE STEIGER

"While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul."



HENRY WATTS

"At all I laugh, he laughs, no doubt;  
The only difference is, I dare laugh out."



FLORENCE PARROTT

"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."





BELVA DANIELSON

"The heart's meteors tilting in her face."



ERNEST CHASE

"His actions speak louder than his words."



IRENE JONES

"She has an eye that could speak,  
Though her tongue were silent."



ELIZABETH ADSIT

"Kindness has resistless charms."



MARY HELEN JANUARY

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever—  
Its loveliness increases."



LLOYD CHANDLER

"Good humor is the health of the  
soul."



LEILA MAE WATTS

"How goodness heightens beauty!"



ANDREW STEVENSON

"None but himself can be his  
parallel."



MARION ROBINSON

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er  
a brow,  
Bright with intelligence, and fair  
and smooth."

**CLASS MOTTO:**

Success Comes in "Cans"

---

**CLASS COLORS:**

Red and White

---

**CLASS FLOWER:**

Red Rose

---

**CLASS YELL**

Rickety! Rickety! Hickety! Hickety!

Zip—Boom—Ba!

Seniors! Seniors! Seniors! Za!

Nineteen Nineteen!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

—Andrew Stevenson, '19.



## Class Song

(To the tune of "Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry.")

### VERSE I.

We'll soon be leaving you, dear old school,  
We'll soon be bidding farewell,  
We've spent some mighty fine days with you—  
The thoughts of them make our hearts swell;  
But now that our work is done,  
We leave school life—also our fun.

### VERSE II.

Give us a smile just before we part,  
We've saved a smile just for you,  
Don't droop your eyes when you say "Good-bye",  
Fill us with joy through and through;  
We have not much time to stay,  
For we're going far, far away.

### CHORUS

Good-bye, Vaca High, good-bye,  
Don't sigh, Vaca High, don't sigh,  
Remember the Class of 1919,  
We'll float your old banners on high;  
We'll always remember you,  
From you all our knowledge we drew,  
Though your numbers are small—  
You're a joy to us all;  
So good-bye, Vaca High, good-bye.

—Leland Fisher.

## Senior Class Poem

Oh, list to laughter resounding  
Through the clear, bright summer morn,  
For to our expectant Senior hearts,  
A glorious day is born.

For four long years we've anchored fast  
Beneath dear Vaca High,  
And storms of fear that rent our hearts,  
We bravely dared defy.

But now, the clouds of doubt are passed,  
Not a shadow in the skies,  
In glorious shades of red and white  
The dawn in splendor rises.

We'll launch our ship, "Ambition,"  
Upon the bounding deep,  
No storms too great, no rocks too high,  
Our goal from us shall keep.

The time is come, O schoolmates, dear,  
Our different ways to part,  
With hopeful hearts and keenest minds  
Upon Life's sea we'll start.

Oh, how we'll miss each childhood scene,  
And dear old Vaca High,  
Whose lofty halls and vaulted rooms  
Once rang with our glad cry.

Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, Farewell,  
Students, comrades, and faculty,  
With arms of truth we'll face the fray  
And leave our thoughts to thee.

The Sun is rising in the East,  
Our joyous voices sing  
Of the day when Fame shall grace our name,  
The air in triumph ring.

—Monritta Gates, '19.

—Wah Yee, '19.

## CLASS HISTORY

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One September morning in 1915, we, known collectively as "The Freshmen," stepped timidly upon the threshold of Old V. H. S. Only those who have gone through the same ordeal can realize our plight, our sinking hearts and our wanderings through the halls. Of course, every blunder or mistake was blamed upon "Those Freshmen." Gradually, by experience, we learned how to study, and our dull brains began to brighten with the Constant Use Polish.

We realized, however, that we were at the bottom of a long stairway; that long and straight stairway, with Opportunity standing with open arms at the very top. By great perseverance, we at last reached the first landing in the stairway, and received the appellation, "Sophomores." Then we entered with new life and zest into the stretch ahead. We entered Athletics, and our talents were beginning to be displayed in various ways. Even those above us were forced to admit, with some hesitation, our wonderful progress. Slowly, but surely, we ascended. The title of "Juniors," and then that of "Seniors" was bestowed upon us. As Seniors, the Landing of Graduation was our aim. This was the steepest portion of the stairway, and the way was very difficult. Every Senior, however, was equal to the task, and so one by one, the obstacles in our path were overcome.

Now, at last, we have triumphed, and the long-sought-for goal has been reached. And friends, we feel rewarded as we look into your faces and read encouragement for whatever phase of life we may now attempt. We thank you for it, and we also want to thank our teachers for their patience and kindness to us during the past four years, in aiding us to reach this goal of Graduation. We realize that our connections with V. H. S. are being severed and a new life is opening its doors to us.

We feel that thus far our life has been successful, and that our High School days have not been in vain. But whatever fortunes or misfortunes come to us in this new life into which we are entering, there will always be those pleasant memories of our High School days. We will always look back on those days of combined work and play, not with a feeling of indifference, but with the tenderness with which one recalls memories of the happiest days of his whole life.

We are nearing the top of the Stairs, with Opportunity still above. As we look at those on the steps below, who are just beginning the attempt of that which we have finished, we would like in conclusion to give them a pointer to a successful career:

"Don't stare up the steps of Opportunity,  
But step up the Stairs."

—Florence Parrott, '19.



# CLASS WILL

---

(Ghost pointing at audience)

Do not be afraid, I am only a Twentieth Century Ghost. I have been allowed on this most auspicious occasion to present myself to you and deliver a message of great importance.

With apologies to Mark Anthony, I ask you, dear friends, Vacavillians and country men, to lend me your ears, your patience and tolerance at this sad and solemn reading. I have here a few simple and homely bequests, gathered by me with great agility, and grasped from (ahem) trembling lips as a noble and inspiring body of Seniors "passed out," as one united soul on the 31st day of May in the year of our Lord 19 hundred 19.

Before proceeding, I wish to remark that I was there at the finish. I saw that one and all died, valiantly kicking to the last. Their pallid countenances, as they went, expressed varied emotion. Some wore the perpetual frown of the Freshmen; some the expectant grin like unto that habitually worn by Pearl H.; others the "Where-do-we-go-from-here-boys" expression most familiar on the faces of High School graduates.

If you have tears, shake out your handkerchiefs, and prepare to shed them now.

First—As a class, we do solemnly will and bequeath to the following class our world-wide reputation.

Second—To the Sophomores, we leave our amiable disposition and good will.

Third—To the saucy Freshmen, we will and bequeath our noble and all-inspiring attendance.

Fourth—As a class, we do will and bequeath our squeaky shoes to Mr. Stoddard, for the benefit of the following classmen.

Fifth—To Miss Dormody, the memory of our good behavior during the last year.

Sixth—We bestow on Mrs. Davisson some of our "pep."

Seventh—To Mr. McGrew, a new supply of anecdotes to tell to the next biology class.

Eighth—To Miss Chase, a pair of shoes to take the place of the ones she has worn out in the study period.

Ninth—To Miss Kirkpatrick, a high-power microscope to perceive typing erasures.

Tenth—To Mr. Burk, we leave all our torn bits of paper out of which to make a bonfire for the coming Freshies.

And now individually we, of the famous class of '19, do bequeath our most treasured possessions on those who need them.

I, Elizabeth Adsit, will and bequeath the rotundity of my being, so like a bouncing ball, to Bertha Baynes.

I, Ernest Chase, being of sound mind, bequeath my wonderful brain

to any college of medical students who wish to study the workings of a mathematical gymnast.

I, Leila Watts, being now in an agreeable frame of mind, bequeath to Dorothy Bassett my ability to "crab."

I, Lloyd Chandler, will and bequeath my amiable disposition to Louise Dalto.

I, Katherine Steiger, being of unsound mind, do will and bequeath the dimple in my chin and my hearty "ha-ha" to anyone who can "get by" with them.

I, Wah Yee, bequeath my nimble wits and my dexterous fingers to Sherman Bassford.

I, Amelia Montgomery, bequeath my place in the beauty parlor to Lorena Watts.

I, Henry Watts, feeling ill at ease at leaving the lower classmen behind, do will and bequeath them my common sense.

I, Helen January, being a perfect lady, bequeath my fine, high manner and my good breeding to anyone who needs it.

I, Florence Parrott, bequeath by noisy disposition to Paul Chandler.

I, Andrew Stevenson, being of sound wind and strong of limb, bequeath to Jack Frost my athletic medals and championships.

I, Mina Clark, having no further use for vamping, bequeath to Dora Anne Trippe, my wonderful ability of flirting.

I, Charles Fotheringham, will and bequeath the bony structure of my huge anatomy to the San Francisco Park Academy of Science.

I, Irene Jones, bequeath my dignity to Ramona Lyon.

I, Leland Lyon, bequeath my military ability to the Wild Swede.

I, Uriel Rutherford, taking pity upon the small members of the Freshmen class, do willingly bequeath them my extra height.

I, Leland Fisher, do will and bequeath my mental capacity to all the following classmen.

I, Belva Danielson, for the peace of the school, do bequeath my quiet manner to Frances Scammon and Bernice Labarge.

I, —ah— Sir Boyd Parker, Duke of Swelldom, will and bequeath my popularity as a Beau Brummel to "Joan of Ark."

I, Monritta Gates, leave my stubbornness to Annie Nelson.

I, Lee McCrory, feeling sorry for the following classmen, do will and bequeath them the privilege of conversing between and in class periods.

I, Marion Robinson, being small and light of dome, and long and narrow of understanding, have therefore nothing to will to any contemporary— Praise Be!

Isn't it all very dreary and sad, dear friends?

That marvelous class of Seniors, that glorious 22, died as they lived— just about as useless, but nevertheless as ornamental as a flock of gadflies.

Fare-ye-well!

—Marion Robinson, '19.

# CLASS PROPHECY

## INTRODUCTION

Ladies and Gentlemen—

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this evening the world-renowned prophetess, Cassandra. The class of nineteen-nineteen deems it a great treat in being able to procure this famed personage. She has kindly consented to foretell the future through this mist and haze of destiny. And now, if all will give their considerate attention and concentrate their entire minds upon the utterings of the oracle, the events of the future of the class of 1919 will be revealed.

—Lee McCrory, '19.

## PROPHECY

(Read through the mists of the future.)

Oh, Class of 1919, your request is about to be granted. Your fame shall spread from pole to pole and your name shall live forever. Listen, all ye!

Through the mist a man of great honors in international law is seen, and who is now in our United States Senate, and is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Behold! It is your former orator, Leland Stanford Fisher.

And now within my scope of vision is the stage of a vast theatre. The opera "Faust" is being staged, and who is the charming individual who so cleverly and so effectually carries out the role of prima donna? Now the stage is more clearly seen, the minor characters fade from sight, and Amelia Louise Montgomery, prima donna, sings on!

I see a great orchard of blossom-laden trees. I perceive, on closer notice, a paved avenue, leading up to an immense home. Henry Garland Watts steps to the doorway, views for a moment his great prune ranch, turns to his office, and briefly gives a few words of direction to his private secretary, Belva Irene Danielson, who skilfully carries out his every word. And now the vision fails and I see nothing, nothing!

Ah—Science has advanced with a leap, because of the brilliant discoveries of Professor Ernest Samuel Chase. He is now Professor of Scientific Research at Columbia University, New York. He has the true aspect of a scientist as he enters the great laboratory of Columbia.

In the haze is a large department store. It is teeming with business. It is the outcome of the efforts of Mr. Ralph Schaefer and his young partner, Lloyd McCrory Chandler, who passed his High School days with you. He shall prosper!

I see Katherine Steiger and Uriel Laverne Rutherford, both teaching Spanish. Your old friend Katherine seemingly has great difficulty in maintaining order in her class, for the same merry twinkle is in her eyes as when she was in her classes with you. On the other hand, Uriel Rutherford, with

stern glances, towers above the class and perfect order reigns throughout. They are both well known throughout the State as very capable Spanish teachers.

A neatly-attired young woman is seen entering a newly-built house in the richest section of a large city. As I follow her through the dim obscurity, I see that she frequently consults a chart, and it comes into my mind that it is your classmate, Eva Marion Robinson, who has continued designing and become an interior decorator. Her aim has been won, and she shall pass many years in the art of designing.

In the mists stretch vast lands, and grazing over these lands are flocks of snowy sheep. 'Tis the property of our gallant classmate, Samuel Lee McCrory. He is now known as the Sheep King of California. His home is in the city, but quite often he travels to his sheep ranch in his Packard Twin Six.

Oh—a handsome military appearing man is faintly seen. As he smiles at me through the mists I see that it is William Boyd Parker, now Major General in the U. S. Army. His great aim to go through West Point has been accomplished. He salutes with military precision, and is seen no more.

Who can this beautiful woman be, who is wafted so airily into view? On closer notice, I see that it is your former butterfly, Mary Helen January, now a leading society woman of San Francisco. Smiling, she slowly is carried from my vision.

Florence Parrott, with the same sweet smile, nods demurely to some passer-by as she wends her way to her office, located in the business section of a large city. She is known throughout the city as a very capable business woman, winning her way into every heart with her sweet smile.

Andrew Muldrow Stevenson is now manager of the Associated Oil works throughout the State of California. I see him seated in his large office, dictating to his stenographer, Irene Jones. She, too, has won renown, and much of Stevenson's success is due to her. Both shall prosper, and their wealth shall increase.

In a large hospital, I perceive a great bare room. In the center of the room is a snow-white bed, and in it, to my horror, I recognize Leila Mae Watts. Two nurses enter—lo! 'tis Monritta Christina Gates and Elizabeth Adsit, the head nurses. Monritta explains to Elizabeth that Leila, a student in dramatic expression, had been struck by an automobile while crossing a busy thoroughfare. Her injuries are not serious.

A man well-known in the electrical circles of science is your class president, Leland Edward Lyon. His discoveries and appliances of electricity have made him known throughout this continent and abroad. His name shall go down in scientific annals as a great scholar of electricity. The vision fades from view.

Wah Yee smiles at me through the haze. In his hand is a recent cartoon. He is now a world-known cartoonist, earning great sums for his original ideas.

Who is this brisk business man who sits at his desk and dispatches



his business with such alacrity and rapidity? There—'tis your fellow student, Charles Fotheringham. He is now president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a man of great influence in the business world.

My vision fails. Nothing but a blank vista appears before me. Oh, God of Destiny, art thou finished with Thy task?

Class of Nineteen, your futures have been revealed. My mission here this evening is completed. I leave you now to seek the success which I have seen for you through the various mists of the future.

Fare Thee Well!

—Mina M. Clark, '19.

### CONCLUSION

I crave pardon on the part of the Prophetess for an omission made by her. Evidently the future of our classmate, Mina Marion Clark, did not appear within her vision. Yet a message has come to me from the God of Destinies, that she will be elected to Congress to support the great cause—Woman Suffrage. She will become known the world over for her great power of argument.

I thank you now for your courteous attention.

—Lee McCrory, '19.



## MOCK ADDRESS

---

Friends, country men; and fellow-sufferers in this unhappy world;  
Give ear to this worthy cause of a bunch of boneheads!  
I come here to plead for the Seniors,  
Not to exonerate them.

He who hath no mercy in himself,  
And is not moved by these words of discord,  
Is fit to be a Bolshevik, an I. W. W.,  
And a Russian Red Guard.  
His life is like unto an extinguished lamp in a dark room.  
His days (after July 1) will be spent in gloom.  
Mark my words!

Four years ago,  
We, in Vaca High did enter,  
Being in the state of infancy,  
Bore the buffets of the upper classmen,  
Yet weak in reasoning and wisdom,  
Our courage did fail us.  
We were a sorry sight.  
In time our power strengthened;  
Our spirit in us rebelled, and firmly did we  
Resolve to battle 'gainst the oppression.

To submit, or not to submit—that was the question;  
Whether it were nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous teachers  
Or to take up arms against these unworthy treatments,  
And by opposing end them. To conquer—to overcome—  
No more—and by a victory to say we end  
The brain-shocks and the thousand long lessons  
That cost us cubics many in the electric meter.  
To conquer—to overcome—to vanquish!  
But—perchance our plot may fail, ay, there's the rub!  
For in that failure what advantage may teachers take  
To avenge by destruction,  
Must give us pause: There's the fear  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the reprimands and scorns of teachers,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud superior's haughtiness,  
The pangs of cold winter ducking, at which our very souls did quake.  
Who would these fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a load of books  
That mark our nightly studies.

Who would the sleepless nights endure  
That reward with fours and fives on our report cards,  
But for the dread of something after school,  
The undiscovered lectures and call-downs  
Which no brainless creatures like us can face,  
And make us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all.  
Once we dared opposition take  
To combat this weary grind—  
What result? Through our empty domes  
The demon's envenom'd weapon ran.  
Such befell us all.  
All, did I say? Nay!  
All but the brilliant guy  
Whom no teachers dare combat.  
His death-dealing words that equal those of lawyers,  
His unrivaled reasoning of a sound mind,  
Made all opponents cringe under the stinging lash.  
But now, we are free! Free as the flight of the winds  
That know no bounds,  
No more to slave for ungrateful tyrants.  
No more in humble submission to bend the knee.  
And if the day should come  
When we again shall be brought under this yoke of bondage,  
I beg, I pray, I entreat the mercies of this jury  
To give unto us

EITHER

LIBERTY

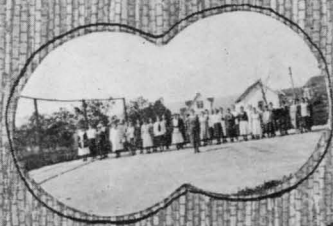
or

DEATH ! ! ! ! !

—Wah Yee, '19.



# GIRLS' Physical Culture

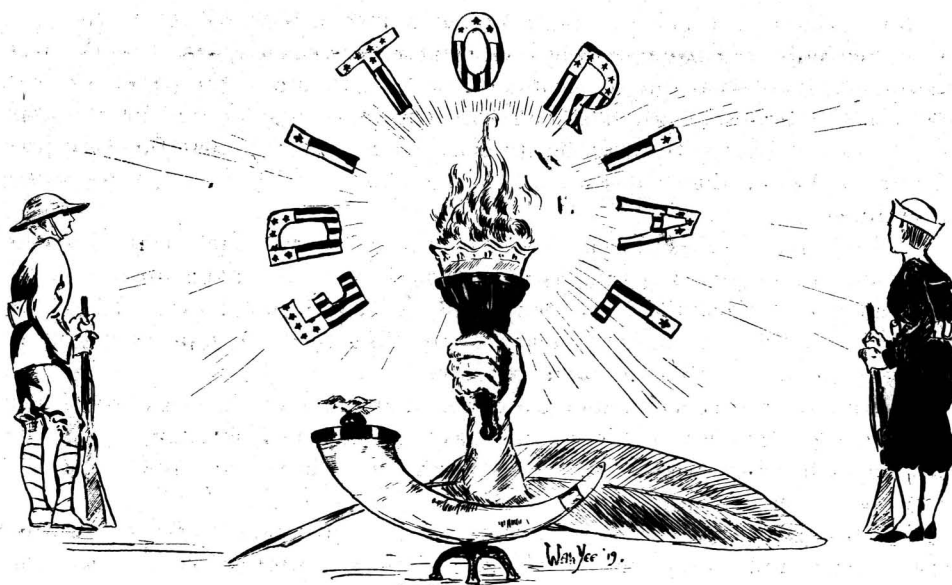


Miss Helen Dermody

Director







### THE CULMINATION.

At the beginning of this year, we were rather dismayed at our outlook. For had we not agreed with the Seniors of last year's graduating class not to publish a paper; providing the war still continued? So we bowed our heads, so full of hopes and plans for a great "Ulati," and resolved to be true to our word. We had given up the idea of a cherished paper, when—lo—the unexpected! The unhoped for! The war ended! Then the Seniors joyfully gained Mr. Stoddard's consent for the publishing of the paper. And now we, the Associated Students of Vacaville High School, present to the public the outcome of the work of a few months!

The pessimistic critic of this issue will probably pass a verdict that will dishearten the Editor and the staff of this paper—but, hold—what is the verdict of his opposite, the optimist? We trust that he may find something worth while, something to please him and make him value the "Ulati" in years to come. We desire to make it clear to the readers of this magazine that it is not the brilliant paper, not the one of most striking appearance, nor the one of elaborate decorations, but the paper which reveals the true inside life of school, and the response of the school to the call of the editors.

Just what does the "Ulati" mean to you? Of course, you would say that it is merely a paper published by the students of Vacaville High School. True—but what does it mean to a school? There are many advantages in a school paper. It reveals individual work, class work, and school co-operation, and through school co-operation, school spirit.

Now, take the individual. There, if anywhere, competition is gained! Does not every pupil strive to write something worthy of being placed in

the final issue of the paper? So, a higher standard of work is obtained.

Secondly, the paper encourages rivalry between classes. Every class is proud to know that one of its members has a theme in the paper, or that material of any description has been drawn from among the members. What class does not look with pride on its class notes, and feel that they are just a little bit better than those of any other class? And therein class spirit is obtained.

Last, but not least, school spirit is won, in that each school strives to out-do the neighboring schools in publishing the best magazine. Are we, the students of Vacaville High School, not proud of our paper, with all its defects? And do we not take pleasure in feeling that it compares favorably with the out-put of the surrounding towns?

And so, the school paper promotes individual work, class work, and school work. Besides, outsiders who have no means of obtaining a glimpse into Vacaville High School, gain it through the "Ulati," and they look forward every year to the "Ulati" of V. H. S.

This paper must not be considered a Senior paper. By no means! Every class and every individual has taken an interest in it. We can truthfully quote Kipling, who said:

"It ain't the guns and armament,  
It ain't the funds that they can pay,  
But it's the close co-operation,  
That makes them win the Day!  
It ain't the individual,  
It ain't the army as a whole,  
But it's that everlasting teamwork,  
Of every bloomin' soul!"

The staff admits that it was a hard task this year to raise the funds for a paper. But, thanks to the backing of the school, it has been successful. In our efforts we have been greatly assisted by the advice and aid of our principal, Mr. Stoddard, the members of the faculty, and members of the school at large, all of whom we wish to thank for their assistance and interest.

And now that our task is complete, and we have placed before you the "Ulati" for 1919, it remains only for us to make our farewell bow before we lay down our official pens for the last time. Let our last words be: "The continued success and advancement of the 'Ulati' in years to come."

And so, farewell!

—Assistant Editor.



SWELL-HEADS.

"He who exalts himself shall be humbled,  
And he who humbles himself shall be exalted."

It is surprising how a person can puff up with pride over little or

nothing, and ignore his friends entirely with his head high up in the clouds. In this modern age, we call such persons "swell-heads." This is the kind of people who never are successful in life, because with every little glory that comes to them they look down upon their friends as insignificant creatures, as compared with themselves. Little do they suspect that the lower they estimate their comrades, the lower do they fall in the esteem of their friends. It is not hard to see that they gradually lose the esteem of their acquaintances.

We find most of these "swell-heads" among the younger set. Being inexperienced in the ways and opinions of the world, they naturally think that without them the world would have to stop. But in time they will find out that the world is not such a small place, after all. The "swell-head" in school will find, sooner or later, much to his chagrin, that he is in the wrong place. An advantage over one's schoolmates does not necessarily cause one to look down upon them with contempt, and to treat them as subordinates. It makes no difference if he is elected class president, captain of the cadet corps, student body president, or captain of the athletic team; why should he be like a peacock? Remember, that in every case it is his friends and schoolmates who placed him in that position. Then why lower his standard in the eyes of his companions by acting "all important"? Sooner or later he will find the whole school against him. It is only one of Nature's laws of reaction, the way one treats others will always reflect on himself—for public opinion today is law. All glory is transient, and the time will come when the "swell-head" will be brought down to the level of his comrades. What then? He is fortunate if he finds one admirer, and has learned a useful lesson.

It is easy to make acquaintances, but to retain them as friends, one must treat them as one would like to be treated. Oh, you, who are "swell-heads," in a position where your schoolmates have placed you, and who exalt yourself above them, wash yourself in the cool waters of common sense, and awake to the realization that you are no better than they.

For—he whom you pass by today, may pass you by tomorrow.

—Katherine Steiger, '19.



#### A TRIBUTE TO OUR STUDENT BODY.

Don't laugh! I am going to pay a tribute to our student body! To me, our student body is a striking reproduction on a small scale of the American public before the recent war. How many students attend the meetings of the student body? How many American citizens knew the words of the first stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner"? How many students manifest an interest in school affairs? How many Americans took, or showed, an interest in the size of the American army and navy before the war? Nevertheless, even as the Americans proved themselves always ready

to wake up and fight for their country in time of need, so the student body of the Vacaville High School has proven itself to be loyal through and through when it was called on to support the school paper, this "Ulati."

Who ever attended our meetings and failed to note the exceedingly small proportion of students present? Who ever heard the students talk of school activities to any great extent? And yet, when they were called upon to donate a part of their savings to help put through this "Ulati," who ever heard of, or saw, a student of Vaca High refuse! They have responded nobly to the cause, and they have been the one light by which the Editor and his staff were buoyed up in the hours of darkness and doubt. Without the knowledge of their constant backing and support, who would ever have dared to attempt to edit this paper?

The Student Body of Vaca High is the "Man Behind the Gun," as it were, and it challenges any student body in the State of California to show more real spirit than it has shown in supporting the work of the Editor and the "Ulati" staff. While others talked, it acted. Let us take off our hats to our Student Body; long may it survive!

—The Editor.



## WOMAN.

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The hand that rocks the cradle will rule the world. Woman is fast coming into her own. Woman represents the highest aspect in human nature. Why should man think that he is better than woman, when even in lower nature the male will never attack the female? An example in point is the pigeon, which waits at eve until every female pigeon has gone into the cote. Finally he will enter. Then why not ladies first?

Woman in the home reigns supreme. All great men attribute their success in life to woman; even our great countryman, Abraham Lincoln, said: "All that I am, and all that I ever hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." The higher education of sons and daughters is mostly due to the advice of the mother. Whose bedtime stories are better than mother's, and whose ten-cent lectures sink in the deepest?

Not only is woman supreme in the home, but let us think of the good she does for the welfare of humanity. God chose a humble woman like Joan of Arc to be the liberator of France from the English yoke.

Florence Nightingale was the greatest advocate of mercy; her efforts at the meeting of Ghent advocated the society of the "Red Cross," and Clara Barton was another woman who nobly followed in her footsteps.

Next in line was the great woman, Frances Willard, the inaugurator of the "White Ribbon." She was the greatest temperance woman the world ever knew. Woman is not only known in mercy and heroism, but let us speak of her in science. Mrs. Pierre Currie, the inventor of radio, the great

healing and penetrating power which has come to be of such benefit to the world, is another example.

Nor let us forget to mention the heroic martyr, Miss Edith Cavell, who nobly laid down her life for the service of humanity. The above mentioned are just a very few of the foremost women of the world.

Our brave boys that are coming home today will never have a greater reward than that of a good woman. They may have medals for bravery, they may have pets for friends, they may have money, but woman will be higher to them than anything else on earth.

Peace on earth, good-will to men and votes for women. She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

—Clyde Weldon, '22.



## ARE WE DEMOCRATIC?

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We have just brought to a most successful conclusion a war, or rather, a crusade, for the preservation and propagation of Democracy. There is an old adage which says that reform should begin at home.

Let us look ourselves squarely in the face, now that the war is won, and the only excuse the reactionaries ever had is obliterated, and ask ourselves frankly if we have been as democratic as we might have been. Why is it, that in this day and age, in America, the "land of the free," and the "government of the people," only one-half of the people have the suffrage?

Is it that one-half of the population is educated and the other half lies in dense ignorance, comparable to that of the Russian mujik? If this is so, it is our paramount duty to legislate at once and diligently, for absolute compulsory education for both sexes. Now, this is not the case at all, and thus the first reason against equal suffrage is blown to atoms by the force of simple reasoning. Then, if that is not the case, is this government one which is based on might, and is it that only the powerful have the suffrage? If so, then our conflict with Germany was fought in vain, and our boys bled in vain to stem the "imperial dog fight."

Again, this is not the case. Then, pray tell, what is the case? We deny women the franchise because they are not competent. Germany occupied Belgium, and seized control of the government and the very lives of the inhabitants because the Belgians weren't competent. Perhaps this little analogy is too strong for some astute old Senators, but if it is, it is only because the truth hurts.

We began the purging of this country when President Lincoln emancipated the negro slaves, as a war measure. Why did not we, as a war measure, emancipate the women? Men say that the government has been run efficiently without women's votes; why change? The Germans might



also say that they would withdraw their troops, make reparation for wrong done, but keep their governors in Belgium and run the government efficiently. But let us bear in mind the pregnant fact that efficiency is not necessarily justice.

When our men, and the men of England, and France, and Italy, and Belgium were fighting in the trenches, who turned out shells, ran munitions factories, and even tilled the fields? Our women did all this, and now we say to them, "No, you can't vote; you are not competent." Is this the justice for which thousands of our men and boys bled and died? Let us not fail to make good our boast that "once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new light shall shine in the face of our people," and let us grant our valiant women "certain inalienable rights," the chief of these being the suffrage.

—The Editor.



## SCHOOL SPIRIT IN RELATION TO ATHLETICS.

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"Vacaville High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Four years ago that old cry could be heard in every corner of the county, but now it isn't heard even in Vacaville; except once or twice a year. School spirit, in relation to athletics, seems to be dying out. Vacaville is no longer feared by the other towns in athletics. Vacaville, who a few years ago always put out strong teams in almost all branches of athletics, now hasn't enough spirit to put out a strong team in any branch. And, when by some mistake, a strong team in basketball was formed this year, the school would not back them up, and after playing a few games, they disbanded. Not even a yell leader was elected this year! Who wants to play basketball when the rest of the school won't even yell for him! The "flu" and the war were partly to blame for the lack of interest in basketball, but next year more interest will have to be taken, or athletics will die out altogether.

No interest has been taken in tennis this year, and this is the fault of the pupils altogether. The trustees have provided a fine court, but it is seldom used. This is the only branch of athletics that has been really encouraged by the trustees, and we have failed to do our part. Most of the boys seem to think that it is a ladies' game, and they are right; at that, but it is also a man's game, as well. Just get out and learn the game, and then tell us what you think of it!

Baseball has also been sadly neglected, but this not the fault of the pupils. No grounds have been provided, and even if the pupils want to play the national game, they are unable to do so.

The trustees have taken the same attitude as the pupils, and it looks

as though they mean to let athletics slip out of school life. Well, you can't very well blame them, because if we do not take any interest in athletics, what can you expect of them. Let athletics slip out of school life altogether, and you will find that it is a mighty hard job to bring them back. Come on and wake up! Start in right at the beginning of next year and do something in the line of athletics that will put V. H. S. in the front ranks, where she belongs. LET'S GO !

—Charles Fotheringham, '19.



### BOLSHEVISM VS. THE SCHOOL.

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This "Ulati," which is gotten out yearly by the students of the Vacaville High School, represents in one word: "Instruction." In this "Ulati" we enter our best efforts—efforts made possible by conscientious and effective teaching. Any school paper, for that matter, is just a small example of what practical benefits capable instruction may produce. The school paper, when completed, is something to be criticised by other schools, something to be improved upon by subsequent papers. In short, the school paper should, and usually does, represent the intelligence of the school.

Far from being a break in the theme, it seems to the writer to be quite apropos to here look to Russia for a direct contrast in educational advancement. Statistics show that approximately ninety per cent of the population are illiterate. Schools are extremely rare institutions in Russia, especially High Schools, and who has ever picked up a Russian High School paper? What is the situation in Russia today? Chaos, terror, sabotage and industrial frightfulness. That does not necessarily imply that the same would happen in the United States if there were no school papers. It is not the school paper that prevents this; it is the school.

Men have argued that the most effective way of wiping out Bolshevism is by the use of armed force. It seems to be the rule, however, that though armed force may wipe out the armies of Bolshevism, the Bolshevik theory fattens and spreads from the use of shot and shell. Another theory advanced is that food will extinguish the red fires of Bolshevism more quickly than anything else. This is true in many cases, for it may be noted that when people go hungry, they eat the germ of Bolshevism. We must concede, however, that Bolshevik propaganda can spread even in a country where the "full dinner pail" prevails. It spread in Russia during the time of the Tsar, and, to a certain extent, it is spreading in America today. But has Bolshevism ever been known to exist in the community in which the "classes and the masses" have been reared in enlightened and democratic schools?

The great answer to Bolshevism is the school. Sabotage fears education. The child who has been properly educated becomes a good citizen; the child who has not been given a decent education becomes a menace to

society. Take, for example, the child laborer of the New-York slums. All his life has been one long jumble and maze of superstition, hunger, cold and disease. He has probably never seen the inside of a school room. Into what kind of citizen does he develop? He drifts into the ranks of the "floaters," he lives on the germs of Bolshevism; he turns to alcohol; he becomes an agnostic; his state of psychic unrest marks him as a fit accomplice for dynamite conspiracies.

On the other hand, take the boy who has been educated in the grammar and high schools; the boy who can read and write and reason. What kind of citizen does he make? He is the boy who fills the doctors' and lawyers' offices; he is the material for the future surveyor, engineer, diplomat, business man, professor, machinist or judge.

Although it may seem to be an absurd and silly conclusion, it nevertheless seems to us that this little edition of the "Ulati" offers to those who have the vision to look ahead, one of the best methods we know of, if not the best, for the extermination of Bolshevism. For, as was stated in the early part of this editorial, this "Ulati" is a concrete example, as is every other school paper, of what education can do toward the development of the mind of the boy and girl.

The primary reason for publishing the "Ulati" was certainly not to make a plea for more and better schools in this country or Russia, or to convince the world that the school is the one answer to, and prevention of, the spread of Bolshevism. The American public, however, always has, and probably always will, assume an "I'm from Missouri" attitude toward new remedies. We have seen only too plainly what Bolshevism can do. Through this paper we are able to see just as plainly what education can do. It is up to us to choose our path.

—The Editor.



#### PROMPTNESS.

I wonder if every one realizes how much time is lost every day, or even every hour, by having to wait for some one or something? Did you ever go to the theatre where no one straggled in during the first act, or for that matter, any place where everyone was on time? I doubt it; for being late seems to be a common fault of nearly every man, woman and child. How many people make an appointment, and do not keep the other person waiting? Especially in this school is this evil noticeable. In the first period in the morning, the pupils straggle in, interrupting the class each time another student comes in. Allow two minutes as the amount of time wasted by each tardy pupil, and multiply this by the number of pupils and the number of days. The result is appalling.

Army and navy life and discipline has done a great deal toward

remedying this fault. In an army or navy camp, one simply cannot be tardy. Everything is done according to schedule, and if one over-stays his liberty, and does not report for duty at exactly the time he was ordered to, he is punished in various ways. If the returned boys retain this excellent habit of being on time, formed during their period of training, it will do a great deal toward correcting this evil in the American people.

Let us hope that this fault will some time in the future be corrected, and that in all honesty, one will be able to say of the pupils of the school, that they are never late to anything, but are always prompt.

—Elizabeth Adsit, '19.



## THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF A GYMNASIUM.

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Where is that basketball team that has carried off the cup so many times; the team that has always been the pride of V. H. S.? This is the question that has been put up to Vacaville a number of times. There is just one reason, and only one, why Vacaville High School has no team, and many reasons why she should have one. It is not lack of material, not lack of pep or spirit, not lack of support, but the lack of a gymnasium in which to practice. True, we have played heretofore, but under different conditions. We have used the Annex to the Presbyterian Church for practicing and for the games, but there have always been objections to using the Annex for this purpose. Besides, we have had to pay rent, which deducts from the school funds, and this year the rent was raised beyond our reach, and the days of practice limited too radically for us to produce good results. So we were compelled to refuse all challenges.

Another reason why we should have a gymnasium is to accommodate the public; when the High School entertains. And is it not essential for the High School to engage in such a source of both merry-making and benefit to the public, as well as to itself? An example of the lack of accommodation which the High School has to offer to the public, is the reading of the "Quarterly Ulati," which is held in the assembly room. This room accommodates a very few more than the pupils themselves. So how is the public to know what their school is producing?

Now what becomes of all the money taken in at our school dances? Why, about one-third of it goes out for expenses, and the one that stands out most prominently is the rent of a hall. Would not a gymnasium relieve all this?

Then, too, there's the physical training recently introduced into the schools. Are we to continue as we have been doing, by taking out-of-door exercises entirely? Besides, it is altogether too hot in the summer to take open-air training, and in the winter it is too rainy and cold. Why not have

a gymnasium with all the fixtures and conveniences for such training, and one that can be used all the year round, regardless of the weather?

And certainly, there will be no difficulty in finding a site, as V. H. S. would gladly welcome a neighbor, and there's plenty of space on the Old Hill of Knowledge. The erection of such a building will not only show school spirit, but public spirit as well!

—Belva Danielson, '19.



### SUCCESS COMES IN "CANS".

This may sound more like a pun, or something in which the point has to be gotten before the meaning is clear, yet nevertheless the sentiment expressed is one which it behooves anyone to learn. Success! CANS! Yes —The Man who says "I can," usually comes out ahead in this race of life. This is a standard to which any class might be proud to aspire. Who is not given unknown pleasure in being able to say "I can?" And how flat and sordid it sounds to hear that time-worn phrase, "Oh, I can't."

Virgil has said in his Aeneid: "Possunt, quia posse videntur," or "They can, because they think they can." How true! Perhaps the Latin motto sounds more dignified, more in keeping with a class motto, yet, in this age the more direct, simpler means of expression is used, and so we say, "Success comes in Cans."

Success in any phase of life is the same. Success is not necessarily accompanied by praise and great honor. Yet that praise which comes from without, if not given to the successful, comes from within, for is there not great satisfaction in being successful? Are you not supremely pleased with your own self? And all the success in this world comes with saying "I can."

Take, for example, this edition of the "Ulati." At the beginning of this semester, a haze of doubt as to publishing it was in the minds of all. A few loyal students, despite all hardships and handicaps, said, "We will, we can!" And they have put out their paper, and they did it because they thought they could.

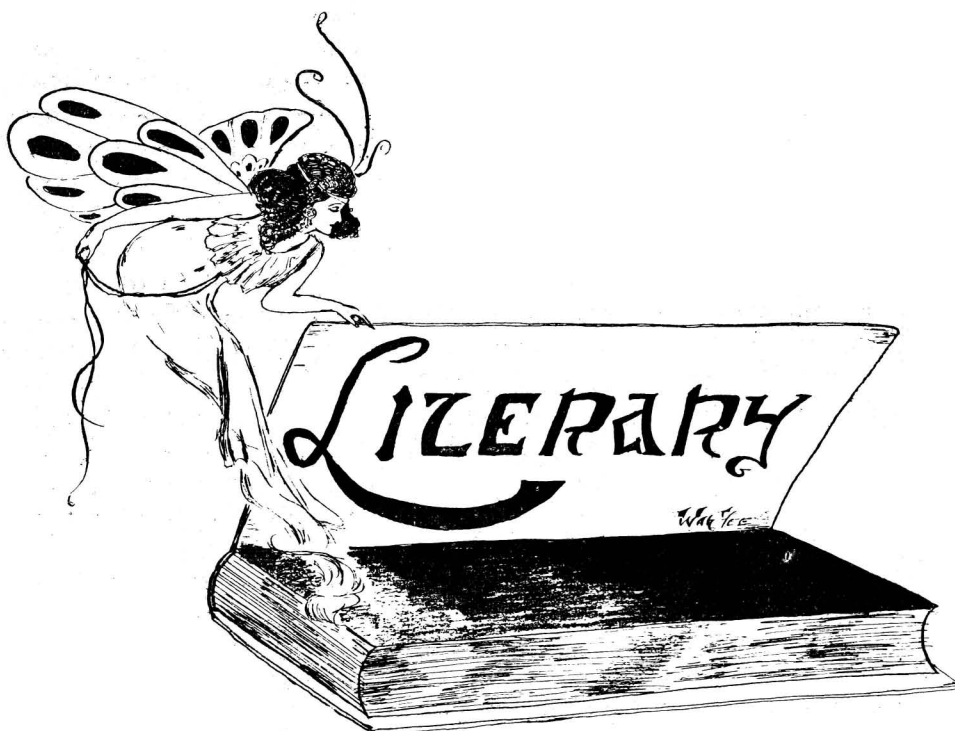
Or, on the other hand. When the present Senior Class were Freshmen, wasn't it in the minds of all "We, too, will be graduated, because we can!" Did they not mean that they had the ability to stay with the grind and study? Brilliance is not necessary in order to say "I can."

A phrase equally as good as "I can," is "I'll try," if said in the right spirit. The person who is willing to try to do what is put before him to do, whether he enjoys doing so or not, is worthy of praise, and success is certain, in the long run.

And so, bear in mind the motto: "Success comes in cans," or "I can, because I think I can." Success is certain to follow.

—Assistant Editor.





### THE LEGEND OF RED WING

It was that mystic time when evening first falls, and the stars are beginning to twinkle in the heavens, and the moon hangs like a mass of molten silver near the horizon. The little Indian camp on the banks of the Sacramento river was astir with laughter and life. War-painted warriors danced their dances around a huge camp fire; the old men sat just within the circle of light and smoked the pipes, or muttered to one another; the old women deftly wove baskets, the while keeping watchful eyes on their papooses, and the maidens in gay attire cast admiring looks at their braves.

Prominent among the maidens was Big Chief's daughter, Red Wing. In keeping with her name, she wore in her jet black hair a red feather. She was far more attractive than the rest of the dusky maidens, graceful of form and quick as a flash. Now, Big Chief had promised that Red Wing should marry Black Crow as a reward for valor in service done in the past. Black Crow, who deeply loved her, was favorably known in the tribe, though he was a sneak in many ways. Red Wing did not return his affections, and tonight, more than ever, she seemed disgusted with his efforts to win her approval. She drew farther back into the shadows and stood leaning against a tree, looking up the lazily moving river. The firelight flickered and played on her dark face, and, as she stood there she presented a picture worthy of the attention of an artist.

Suddenly she started, and peered through the moonlight. Could she

be mistaken? No, for there was a boat coming slowly down the stream. This boat was from a friendly tribe of the far west, and advanced to the river's bank with the peace pipe held out before them, as a sign of good feeling.

The boat touched shore, and the strangers left forth. Their leader was a tall, dark, handsome Spaniard, who wore, thrown gracefully over his shoulders, a brilliant red cloak. He addressed the Indians in their own language with a low, soft voice.

By this time all the Indians had gathered on the shore, with the exception of Red Wing, who stood still, leaning against the tree. At the sound of his voice, she started forward and listened eagerly. How different from Black Crow's guttural voice, and how much more attractive was this handsome stranger with the wonderful red cloak!

The crowd on the brink soon gathered around the fire, and the Spanish leader, whose name was De Spain, produced his gifts for the tribe, meanwhile telling them that he and his men had traveled far and suffered many hardships for the sake of exploration. He won the hearts of all by his gifts, and, after finishing, he stood by the fire.

Then he noticed Red Wing. What a picture she made, standing there so still and quiet! With a low exclamation of surprise, he strode toward her. He was astonished at her beauty, and, seeing the red feather in her hair, he quickly drew the scarlet cloak from his shoulders and gave it to her.

She made no answer, but simply looked at him. Yet he felt the thanks more deeply than if she had spoken. He gazed, fascinated, at this beauty of the forest, and at length turned away. Red Wing glided away to her wigwam, where she lay down to sleep, wrapped in the marvelous red cloak, while De Spain, as he stood and gazed into the fire, and conversed with Big Chief, saw before his eyes, not Indians hanging upon his words, but the beautiful face of Red Wing as she had looked at him when he had wrapped her in the cloak.

A silent observer of Red Wing's action had been Black Crow. At the look Red Wing gave De Spain, Black Crow crouched low and hatred and revenge burned in his eyes.

Morning came and De Spain arranged with Big Chief to remain with him during the next month, or, as the Indians say, for the next moon. Black Crow sullenly stood near, and a dull glow of hatred shone in his eyes as he saw De Spain give Red Wing a cheerful morning greeting as she emerged from her tepee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks passed, and by this time Red Wing and De Spain were close friends, while Black Crow and De Spain were sworn enemies. Everywhere Red Wing went De Spain accompanied her, and, always lurking near, was Black Crow.

One morning, as De Spain and Red Wing, with her red cloak thrown over her shoulder, started back from the depth of the forest, Black Crow glided from a thicket, and made an attack upon De Spain. De Spain soon downed the lithe Indian, and there swore that if ever he troubled him again

he would not deal with him so leniently. Black Crow, sullen with rage, sulked off into the forest, and De Spain and Red Wing went on into camp.

When De Spain reached camp, he found a messenger from his camp, who had traveled far and suffered much to reach him. The message called De Spain back to his home.

And so De Spain left, but not before he had gained Red Wing's consent to marry him if he returned in three moons. Also he had obtained the reluctant consent of Big Chief, who gave it, the while thinking of Black Crow.

All the Indians gathered on the shore to bid him farewell, but Black Crow, who lurked back of the tēpees, uttering guttural curses. Red Wing, with her red cloak pressed tightly around her, waited until he had left the shore. Then she sped with the lightness of a deer up the little narrow path which she and De Spain had so often traversed, to the headland, whence the river could be seen for a long stretch. There, with the wind blowing her cloak about her, she stood and watched her lover sail away into vast and unknown dangers.

From this time on, Red Wing was a changed maiden. She was no longer a gay, mischievous Indian lass, but a quiet, winsome girl. Black Crow tried in every way to gain her attention, but without success. He soon learned of Big Chief's agreement with De Spain, and he, too, changed. He became sullen, cross and ugly. No one in the tribe could do anything with him.

Three months passed and De Spain had not yet returned. Another half moon passed, and Red Wing, despairing of ever seeing De Spain again, became despondent and well-nigh broken hearted.

Black Crow saw his chance. He urged the king to give him Red Wing. But before Big Chief would consent, he foolishly sent out a scouting party headed by Black Crow. Of course, Black Crow bought the rest of the scouts to support the story which he brought back. He told of having found De Spain's boat crushed on the rocks, and the bones of De Spain and his followers lying on the shore.

Poor Red Wing! She now knew her fate. She must marry Black Crow. The marriage day was set, and she spent the days in fasting and sacrificing. All the time, she kept wrapped close around her the scarlet cloak, and treasured the trinkets De Spain had given her.

On the morning of her marriage, she again glided up the narrow path to the headland. She did not look up the river, but walked straight to the brink, and, drawing the cloak around her, she gave one leap, and fell into the river, as it washed over the rocks below. Black Crow, who had watched her, was filled with horror. His Red Wing was killed, and, virtually, at his own hands. And—what was that coming up the river? Could it be De Spain? Yes!

De Spain sat at the bow of his boat, looking toward camp. Where was Red Wing? And then a cry and a splash, a dart of red from the cliff to the river—Red Wing! He called madly to his men to row, row for their lives. They responded to his call, but in vain, for when De Spain clutched the red cloak, he found it to be only an empty cloak. Red Wing had drowned!

De Spain landed, but what a different man. Haggard, pale, unkempt! It seemed that he had lost his way. But now he was bereft of his reason. His hardships had weakened his mind, but the drowning of Red Wing had been the last straw. He wandered around camp, a demented man, muttering to himself, all the while carrying in his arms the red cloak left by Red Wing.

Black Crow was never seen again. What his end was, no one knows. De Spain sent his followers back, and he remained the rest of his life among the Indians, looking for his Red Wing, and in a way he was repaid, for every spring the headland, from which Red Wing had jumped, was a mass of scarlet poppy blossoms. This occurrence had never been noted until the spring after Red Wing's death. The Indians said that it was the spirit of Red Wing come back to De Spain. And he, poor demented man, would spend his entire time there, clutching the cloak fast to him, and talking to the poppies, the spirit of his Red Wing.

—Mina Clark, '19.



## THE REVENGE

It was late one afternoon in early January, and the snow was falling in great white sheets, chilling through and through the man that stumbled blindly along, vainly attempting to keep in the almost invisible road.

But despite the intense cold without, the man was warm and triumphant within, for he was at last going to have his revenge; his revenge, for which he had waited five long years. He was even now making his way toward the house of the man who had sentenced him to five years in prison.

Five years! To him they had seemed an eternity, and he had spent that eternity, every hour of it, planning his revenge when he should be freed. How often he had sworn that the injustice of sending an innocent man to prison should be paid for.

That is why he was making his way through the snow to the judge's home; his five years were ended, and he was going to make the judge pay for them with his life. Aye, his life—for had he not ruined his life? He was an ex-convict; he must carry that title with him until death, and taking the judge's life was but small recompense for what he had suffered and would suffer; he, an innocent man!

There in the distance stood the judge's home. The convict felt a thrill of joy pass over him, and he clasped his revolver closer to his breast as he hastened toward it. Very quietly he crawled around the house until he came to the large bay windows of the living room. The room was well lighted and he could hear voices from within.

Very slowly he pulled himself up to a level with the window and looked in. The judge was sitting before a large fireplace, amusing his small golden-haired daughter, who sat upon his knee. An intense feeling of hatred

filled the man crouching in the snow, and he slowly lifted his revolver, but dropped it again quickly—no, he could not shoot now—he might hit the child. He would wait until later, when she had left the room.

It was nearly a half hour later that a white-capped nurse came to take the child away. Ah! now was his chance, and he again lifted his revolver, but the little girl's face again rose before him; what a pretty little thing she was, and how she loved her daddy. He had easily seen that, as he watched the two together.

He suddenly rose and shook himself angrily. He was not going to let a little girl cheat him out of his long-awaited-for revenge. It was absurd to let a child, especially the child of the man he hated, affect him so. He would have his revenge, no one on earth should keep him from that; he would have the revenge for which he had waited five years, if it affected a dozen golden-haired children. But he would first sit down a while and regain his nerve. It was amazing that a child could rob him of his nerve like that, but it would come back, yes, it would come back, if he would just wait a little while.

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Early next morning, a farmer found an unknown man dead in the snow near the judge's house, with a revolver hugged tightly to his breast.

—Lorena Watts, '21.



## LEMON PIES

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Margaret Deen, twenty-one years of age, presented a beautiful picture as she stood upon a high rock, her hair flying in the breezes, and one hand shading her eyes.

"How I love it all!" she cried with glee in her voice.

At that moment Will Haines, who was three years her senior, came walking up with head bent low, as if in deep thought.

"Enjoying the scenery?" he called out. "Margaret, I am tired of it all—the same thing day after day. I want to go back to the city, where there is life, and I want you to go with me."

Margaret made no reply, but hurried away without answering. Will looked after her with surprise, but made no attempt to follow her.

As she walked on, she met Owen, the superintendent of the mine shaft.

"Owen," she called out, "I want you to show me the part of the mine where my father used to work."

"All right, Margie, tomorrow, at noon."

Owen had been almost a father to Margaret. Before the death of Mr. Deen, he had been his closest friend. Then when Mr. Deen died, Owen had taken the girl to his home, where he and his housekeeper, Jane, had watched over her carefully.

Margaret walked the rest of the way with Owen. Arriving at the house, she entered the kitchen with blooming cheeks.

"Oh, Jane, but it's hot. What are you doing?"

"Making lemon pies, dearie. Owen is so fond of them."

The next day at noon Margaret met Owen, and they went together to the shaft. She left the place with tears in her eyes. It was the thought of her dead father, who had been so dear to her, that caused her eyes to moisten.

Thanking Owen, she left for home. On the way back she met Will once again. Margaret started nervously, but she did her best to hide it.

"Well, Margaret," said Will, "just thought I would make my request again."

"It is useless, Will. I can never leave this place. It is too dear to me."

"Listen; why do you stay here? You belong in the city. Come with me, and you can be independent of Owen."

"But my mine is ——"

"Don't interrupt me, Margaret. I know Owen makes you believe your father's mine is bringing you money. But it is not. It is worthless. Mr. Deen went broke on it."

"It's not true!" exclaimed Margaret, indignantly. But, even so, she went home in deep thought. As she neared the house she spied Owen on the porch smoking a cigar.

"Owen," she burst out, "why have you fooled me? Here I've had faith in the shaft, and you have kept me in the dark right along."

"Not so fast, little one," he said, "I will explain. I loved your father. He asked me to keep this from you. On his death-bed I promised him that I would. At times when you have believed in it and loved it, I felt like telling you all. Love for your father prevented me from doing it. I am ten years older than you. I have done all I could for you, and God only knows how badly I feel now that you know it all."

After listening thoughtfully, Margaret entered the kitchen.

"Jane, I want you to teach me right away how to cook and make—lemon pies."

—Mamie Gonsalves, '21.



## THE SUMMER GIRL

The small "summer" girl stood leaning against the rickety garden gate, her white arms embanked with red roses. She stood looking into a small pool. Though her slender fingers gently caressed the heavy waxen buds, her eyes fixed themselves on the water below, unseeing. She was strikingly distinctive, and, as such, the clear waters portrayed her. She was dressed simply in white, which brought out the slender girlishness of her figure. Her full white throat held high the small round face upon which was



carven a straight fine nose, full lips, slightly pursed, and a delicately curved and dimpled chin. Her cheeks were tinted a soft peach pink, heightening the color about the eyes, which brought out the mystic darkness of these brimming pools of gray. Yes, she might have been haughtily posed save for one pearly tear which gleamed unbidden upon the velvety cheek. Her white forehead contrasted strongly with the ebony blackness of her wavy hair, which was piled high upon her head. It fringed out in bright little curls, here and there, as though loosed from bonds of imprisonment, and added lines of softness to the face. She stood alone in the silence, as the shadows fell about her. Perhaps she saw a khaki-clad soldier boy in the mirrored surface below; but had an artist depicted that which the pool alone held, the picture would have lasting beauty. It would live.

—Amelia Montgomery, '19.



### A DESCRIPTION

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In the interior of the church was one small, forsaken room. One of the colored panes of the window was broken, through which rays of light, afforded by the moon, entered, casting a murky gloom about. Worm-eaten rafters, which lent an air of insecurity, could be seen through the cob-webbed ceiling. The scamper of a lone mouse caused a harsh crackling among some parchment that lay on the floor. A time-worn organ stood obscurely in the corner, coated inch-deep with dust. The pulpit was still standing, upon which rested a large Bible, open probably at the place from which the last sermon was taken. The atmosphere created was depressing, and produced in the observer a feeling of retrospection.

—Lloyd Chandler, '19.



### LUTHER WALTON SEES IT THROUGH

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"Er—er—can you advance me that hundred dollars that I asked for the other day, Uncle Ben? I hate to miss that hunting trip."

Benjamin Walton, middle-aged captain of the U. S. secret service department, looked up at the young man before him. For a while he studied the blushing face of the twenty-year-old youth, and then looked out of the window as if to find his decision secreted amid the maelstrom of New York's metropolis.

"Well, my boy," he finally replied, "I'd like to do it if your father hadn't made me promise not to give you any financial help in your recre-

ation. He is very much disappointed with you because of your failure in the law school. You see, your father is going to wait until you show what your ability amounts to before he gives you any allowance. I advise you to get in and hustle for that money if you are so anxious to go on the trip. You've another month yet."

Luther Walton turned to leave his uncle's office with a disappointed expression, when someone suddenly rushed into the room and threw down a letter before the chief.

"We think old Snipes is getting another shipment of the stuff through today," explained the newcomer, "and we are having all Chicago trains watched. Here is a copy of the letter that Markinson received from Snipes today. Bert, our left-hand man in Chicago, secured this for us. I must be going now, chief; will let you know if anything turns up."

As abruptly as he entered, the messenger left. Luther turned toward his uncle curiously.

"What's all this business about, uncle?" he asked. "I'm getting kind a' interested."

Mr. Walton was much pleased with his nephew's interest in the secret service, because he had always wanted Luther to follow in his footsteps, and the idea of his nephew's being a lawyer was very much against his wishes.

"Since I am not very busy, I'll tell you about this Snipe affair," he responded. "For many years there has been a great deal of opium smuggled through New York to the western states. Up to now we have been unable to find proof of the fact, but we have managed to get as far as fastening suspicions on one Snipe Jackson, wholesale merchant of this city, and Lerry Markinson, a grocer of Chicago. Of course, we cannot take definite steps until we can secure sufficient evidence against them. Our men are now searching every box of freight that comes from lower New York to Chicago. We have also managed to get copies of telegrams and letters that are sent to Markinson, but our experts failed to find anything wrong with them. How and from where is the opium shipped?"

"Read this letter and see if you can uncover any secret code," concluded his uncle, jokingly. "Here is your chance to obtain the \$1,000 reward that the government is offering."

"A thousand plunks," muttered Luther, as he made his way to a chair near the window on the opposite side of the desk. There he sat for nearly two hours studying the letter with the aid of a magnifying glass and at times he held it before his pocket mirror. As for Mr. Walton, he soon forgot that his nephew was in the room.

"I've got it!" came the cry from the window, and before the busy captain could make out what had happened, the young man had crossed the room in three leaps.

"Look, 'Unk'! I've got it!"

The older man looked up with much amusement.

"Calm down a little, nephew," he urged. "Sit down and explain what you have discovered."

Luther obeyed and began:

"You will notice by careful scrutiny through the glass, some of the letters are a trifle darker than others. They look as if they had been gone over with the pen. This is invisible to the naked eye. Look carefully. Here is the letter 'M,' there is the letter 'V' printed, not written, and it has a dot under it. Again, the two capital 'T's'. Of course 'M-V-T-T' means nothing, but let us turn the letters upside down and hold it before the mirror. Now 'M' becomes 'W', 'V' becomes 'i' and the double 'T' becomes double 'l'. We now have the word 'Will'. Again, here is '5 o'clock', the 5 in numeral, upside down becomes the letter 's'. The 'r' is so looped that it becomes 'e', the wrong side up, 'u' becomes an 'n' and 'p' becomes a 'd'. The second word is 'send.' Picking out all the heavier letters and putting them together, we have this sentence: 'Will send 2 cases opium today by Niagara Express.' I believe that if some one is sent to Niagara, he will probably find the cases of opium, for your men have been guarding New York, only. It is an easy matter for an auto truck to haul the stuff to Niagara, and from there it is shipped to Chicago by train. A clean get-away right under the nose of the detectives."

The detective scratched his head.

"Upon my word, you've got us all beaten by a long shot, young man. Here, you take the responsibility to run down to Niagara Station and keep an eye on all the freight there. Never mind about your folks, I'll explain. If you succeed—well, hurry up or you'll miss the train."

Luther gulped, stammered, tried to speak, but his smiling uncle pushed him out of the office, at the same time giving him a badge.

At Niagara Station, Walton, Jr., through his badge, was admitted into the freight house, where he commenced investigations immediately. Every box from New York had been inspected, so the would-be detective wasted little time on them. After rummaging for a while, he found Markinson's shipment. Nothing suspicious. Thoroughly disgusted, the young secret agent mounted an empty crate to survey his surroundings. The support gave way under his weight, and a moment later Luther found himself crashing upon a case of eggs. Slowly he got up, contemplating what his uncle would say about the accident, and not a little chagrined over his failure. One look at the crate of smashed eggs turned his sorrow to wonder and excitement. A stream of black, sticky fluid was oozing from the broken case of eggs. He tasted it.

"Opium!" he gasped, picking up an eggshell full of the black fluid. "By gum, the shells are made of wax, too. I'll be ——; here's a layer of real eggs on top. So that was how Snipe foiled the secret agents. No wonder they couldn't find out anything about it!"

Taking a few eggs with him, the happy Walton, Jr., started back for New York.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month later Luther and his uncle stood talking a little way from the group of campers who were waiting for the train at the Grand Central Station.

"Say, 'Unk,'" the younger man was saying; "I want to confess some-

thing that I had decided to do in your office the day I asked for the money, but I backed down when you mentioned father's interference. I didn't go to the law school at all. Instead I attended the government's secret service academy, and I was graduated the highest in the class. Then I framed up a story about not getting a diploma in law, because I flunked."

Mr. Walton's face brightened. He gripped his nephew's hands and said with pride: "My boy, my hopes are fulfilled. My dearest ambition was to see you sit in my seat some day. Let me tell you, there will be a good position in our department for you when you return. Here's your train now; go and enjoy yourself. Leave me to settle things with your dad. He'll be proud when he hears of it. Good-bye."

—Wah Yee, '19.



## THE RED SUNBONNET

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"I wonder whom Ray is going to take to that barn dance the doctor's giving Saturday night?" Helen Brown, the belle of Springville, asked her companions. Inwardly her confidence in her large blue eyes and golden hair, led her to believe that she would be chosen by Ray McDonald, the son of a rich doctor, who had lately moved into Springville.

It was the noon hour, and the girls were seated under a large oak tree on the school grounds munching their sandwiches and "gossiping," so to speak.

"Oh, look! Betty in a red sunbonnet. Did you ever see the like?"

"Oh, Betty, where'd you get it?"

Betty's face turned as red as her sunbonnet, and big tears trembled on her dark lashes, and ran down her scarlet cheeks. Then, luckily, the bell rang, and her consternation was hidden in the noise that followed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"School dismissed!"

Everyone marched out but Betty. Apparently she was much interested in her lesson.

"Oh, come on now, honey, run and get on your red sunbonnet," Helen called from the door.

This was too much. Betty buried her face in her brown curls and began to cry.

"There, dear, don't cry. What's the matter, Betty?" It was the kind voice of the teacher.

"Nothing much, only my sunbonnet. Grandma made me wear it. She took so much pains in making it, and I hated to disappoint her. And then girls—Oh, I wish——"

"Never mind. Your little bonnet is very, very becoming, and besides,

I believe I have one home, and I'll wear it. Then they won't say anything. Don't cry any more."

So a little later Betty hurried from the room, her heart overflowing with happiness.

On the doorstep she stumbled on Ray McDonald, who sat whittling a stick.

"Oh! I beg your pardon"—stammered Betty.

"Surely. I just thought I'd carry your books as I was going your way; just to be neighborly, you know."

So it happened that night, that as they paused at the little wooden gate, Ray asked Betty to go to the barn dance with him.

Imagine the surprise of the girls when Ray led the dance with Betty. "Doesn't she look charming in her dainty white dress with those red rose buds in her belt? But what's the matter with Helen?"

Helen had just come in and seeing Ray, muttered, "Such taste," and then sailed from the room. Strange to say, Helen did not enjoy the evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

One moonlight night several years later, Ray and Betty again paused at the wooden gate. Ray looked down at Betty and took her little hand in both his. Slowly she lifted her brown eyes until they met his, brimming over with love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Later in the evening Betty asked him, shyly, "When did you first love me?"

"When you first wore that red sunbonnet," was the grave reply.

—Florence Parrott, '19.



## THE TESTAMENT BEAUTIFUL

"Hurry up, there, Dago; this ain't no old ladies' home."

"Excuse, mister, I canna' run faster. I so tired."

"Then you better go tell the boss you want your time. This ain't no charitable institution."

It was ten minutes after eleven P. M. The speakers were standing on the hot floor of a Pennsylvania glass factory. Antonio, the little Italian boy spoken to, was hired to carry molten glass from the furnace to the benches of the employees. As may be seen, he was working night shift, his hours being from six o'clock in the evening to six o'clock in the morning. Night after night, he toiled in the glaring inferno of the glass-melting furnaces, wasting his little body and soul away for the paltry sum of six dollars a week.

\* \* \* \* \*

The factory whistle shrieked. The night shift dropped work and prepared to leave. The day shift rushed into the building. Did the night shift

rush out? No, they were too tired. They slowly shuffled out the door, the young apprentices with their heads bent wearily upon their chests. Little Antonio appeared, his head hung low, and his naked flesh exposed in diverse places through his tattered clothes, to the biting frost of a December morning. Where was he going? Home?

In the course of half an hour, his tired feet had carried him to the side door of a large clothing factory. A little girl, about eleven years of age, was standing there waiting for him. Her jet black hair hung over a blanched, anaemic-looking visage.

"Oh, Antonio," she cried, "I so glad you have come for me. I afraid to go home alone."

The boy mumbled something in Italian, and the two children began their long, weary way homeward. For blocks and blocks they walked without a word being said by either of them. Then, at last, Antonio broke the silence.

"Lucie," he began, "I think maybe I have to quit my job. I canna' run no more. I run all night long now, for three year, from furnace to bench. Sometimes I stop, and run to saloon on corner to get drink for men. I so tired. My eye burn. My feet swell up big. Maybe I canna' quit, though. You and Mama have to live. No worry, Lucie. I save up lot o' money, and we go to Californee, where grass grows, and nobody say 'Keep Off.' We sit in tree, and eat all day long."

In confiding to Lucie, the orphan, who lived at the boy's hovel, the last two sentences of his almost incoherent speech, Antonio had given utterance for the first time in his life to the one thing to which he had been looking forward for years past. "To go to Californee, where grass grows, and nobody say 'Keep Off'," had been his one, and only ambition.

They had by this time reached a long, squalid row of tenements. Slowly, they stumbled up the rickety stairs of one of them, and almost fell into a dingy, foul-smelling room, which was their "home." A voice cried out to the boy in the darkness. The boy's Mother was ill. He lit the lamp, and ran over to the wretched pallet, on which she was lying. She was speaking rapidly in Italian. With renewed life, the boy flew out the door, down the long stairs, and to the home of the nearest physician.

He returned in about half an hour, dragging the sleepy doctor after him. His mother had died during his absence. Lucie was bending over her with the air of a guardian Angel.

"Another Flu victim," remarked the doctor, after a brief examination. "These Italians are dying like rats. I will have her removed in a couple of hours."

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later. The same room. The same bed. The boy upon the bed. The same girl by his side. Antonio has been the victim of one of the industrial accidents to which all children are exposed more or less, who are forced to work in factories. The blood is oozing from his mouth and ears. Vainly does the girl try to check the flow of life. A few minutes later,



Antonio closes his eyes for the last time, in the very midst of all the stench and filth that a slum is capable of producing.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Coroner made his inquest, he found this note clinched tightly in the boy's withered hand:

"One hundred a one doll', eighty-six cent in bureau drawer; giva to Lucie half; giva half to man who sometime maka no more little girls and boys work and starve. Lucie can go Californee and see grass grow, with the money."

—The Editor.



### AS I SAW HIM

He is comparatively short and very fat, with a smile that stretches from ear to ear. The reddish purple veins protruding from his bloated visage betoken too much the flowing bowl. His hair is in a very disorderly condition. He is dressed very loudly, with very little style. His black and white checked trousers do not match at all his bright green vest and loose brown coat. Protruding very noticeably from a gaudy red-and-green necktie is a large pseudo-diamond pin. On his face is a four-days' growth of beard, which has already assumed the proportions of a bird's nest. His large, loose-fitting shoes have probably not been polished for several weeks. His left sock hangs in rolls over the top of his shoe. Last of all, but not least, comes the hat. It is a tumbled-down brown Derby, probably in style in President Garfield's day.

Such is the famous Republican "boss" of Ward —, City of Chicago, as I personally saw him.

—Leland Fisher, '19.



### THE SUNBONNET GIRL.

Jane stood on a little knoll, her pretty hair flying in the strong eastern breeze. She looked as free and bright as the smiling sea which stretched out behind her. She wore a bright starched gingham dress and her sunbonnet hung carelessly over her arm. The features of her face showed strength and character. The eyes were a deep blue and seemed to be always smiling. The nose was of the Roman type—long, thin, delicate. The mouth was like a full-blown rose just kissed by the morning dew, and the hair fell in brown ringlets around the face and was gathered together loosely at the nape of the neck with a blue ribbon, which added softness to the face. The blue of the sea just matched the maiden's eyes, and made a beautiful background, as it stretched into the distance as far as the eye could reach. The sun slowly

# A Page from the Photo Bud's Album



The Same old Yarn



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FLU SOME MEMORIES of the Past.



ALL for a picture to grace the Ulatis



LOVING FRESHIES



When FRANCE AND SWEDEN Meet.



3 IN 1



MUSIC WITH THE MEAL



SOME MITTS



ATTACKING the ITALIAN DIET of WORMS.



MUSSELS



HAPPY?



2 of a KIND

came from behind a cloud and made the sea dance for joy, and a thousand diamonds appeared to sparkle in her waving hair. The sun seemed to love this pleasing picture, upon which he looked with pride, and added the last touch, which Mother Nature had omitted. For a moment it seemed but a picture, but as quick as a flash, it changed. The rosy lips parted into a welcoming smile, the eyes laughed; a flush gradually stole over the face and the sunbonnet was waved in welcome to some coming friend.

—Marion Robinson, '19.



### THE PLOWMAN.

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The elderly plowman was resting against his plow, shaded from the glaring sun by a large tree, beneath which he had stopped. He was tall and thin, and his shoulders were stooped from work. His clothes were those of a working man—a pair of old gray trousers, and a faded blue shirt, patched and re-patched, and open at the neck. But despite the fact that his clothes were old, they were clean, showing that this poor old man still retained his pride. His face was thin and crossed by lines of worry, but there was not a trace of dissipation, as one might expect to find in such a figure. His high forehead, on which hung drops of perspiration now stood; his firm, set mouth, and long, thin nose, led one to believe that he was a just, yet firm, man. His small brown eyes were bright, yet in them was hidden a trace of sorrow. He was gazing off toward the distant hills, probably thinking of happier days gone by.

—Monritta Gates, '19.



### JUST A COW-BOY PLAYMATE

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Betty watched the long line of dusty, lean riders file wearily up to the corrals and dismount. She heard the voices of the men speaking to their horses, or joking among themselves; but there was one voice, a well-known voice, that she did not hear, and had not heard for more than a week. Her little dimpled chin quivered, and two large tears gathered on her lashes: she snatched for her handkerchief, but she was too late, the two large tears fell with a splash on the front of the pink starched pinafore.

"I wonder why Cal doesn't come back any more," wailed the golden-haired child, with a mournful sniff, "I'm so-o-o lonesome and nobody to play with. I just wonder why daddy won't tell me why Cal doesn't come back. I think dad's in his office now and maybe if I'm real good, he will tell me,"

she mused. Then a terrible idea sped into her mind. What if Captain, his large black mount, had bucked him off and hurt him badly, or maybe killed him? Her heart fluttered painfully as she ran toward the ranch house.

Betty Conrad was only twelve years old. Her mother, a charming young woman had died two years before, leaving a lingering remembrance in the heart of the little daughter, who resembled her so much. Mr. Conrad, a very busy cattleman and rancher, had little time to spend with his small daughter, therefore leaving her almost wholly in the charge of an old Mexican woman. Thus it happened that a young cow-boy, who arrived at the ranch about a year or so before, had become a favorite of little Betty. No matter how tired or how busy he was, Cal Morton always found time to amuse his little mistress. It was he who taught her to ride and handle a horse, to lasso plunging cattle in the shape of post-legged saw-horses, to plait riatas and even to shoot a little. Why should she not miss him since he had grown to be such an important factor in her young life?

But her trouble was this: Cal had not been to the ranch for over a week, and no one would tell her why, although she knew they could tell her if they wished. She asked the riders, and they mumbled something under their breath and stalked off. She asked her father; he frowned and told her to "Never mind, don't bother me." How little they knew the tumult that was raging within her childish heart, as she turned away with a resigned little sigh, and went to play with the puppy.

On this certain evening, of which I am writing, Betty had determined to ask her father again, but on arriving at her father's quarters, found that he had not yet returned. She ran out of the house just in time to see a grizzled, bow-legged rider step upon the porch of the bunk house. "Tex, Tex," she called. The old fellow took off his sombrero, and sat down on the edge of the porch.

"Wal, li'l missy, now what you be a wantin'? A new bridle for that long, lanky piece o' horseflesh o' yours?" (Betty pouted.) "Now, Tex, Streaks doesn't look so badly under the saddle; Cal said so." Tex rubbed his stubbly chin.

"Wal, no, I reckon not, but what is it yuh be a wantin'?"

Betty sat down beside him and appeared to be in deep thought; then finally—"Tex, do you know why Cal doesn't come home? Don't be afraid to tell me if—he is dead."

"But Tex, I want to know so badly, and I'm so-o-o lonesome." The tears again splashed down on the front of the pink starched apron. Tex stretched one long crooked leg and then the other.

"Wal, little one, if yuh must know—your dad fired him."

Betty's head dropped into her arms, her little shoulders shaking convulsively with sobs. Her daddy fired Cal! She could hardly believe it. She looked up as she heard the rattle of an approaching buggy. Her father had been to town and was just returning. She jumped to her feet, dashed the tears from her flashing eyes, and started out at a run for the ranch house, leaving the astonished Tex gaping after the retreating whirlwind.

"Hum-m-m," commented that worthy to himself, "got a temper just like her daddy."

Betty dashed into the kitchen, where her father was removing his coat. She stepped to his side, and with her voice shaking with rage, demanded, "Daddy, did you fire Cal?" Mr. Conrad looked into the face of his enraged daughter with astonishment; he had never seen her display temper before. Betty stamped her little slippered foot and repeated her question, "Daddy, did you fire Cal?" Mr. Conrad made an effort to take the child's hand. She drew back from him with a scornful flash of her eyes, "You did; you did, or you would say something."

Her father, recovering from his surprise, answered her as he would have answered a grown-up daughter. "Yes, Betty, I discharged Cal because he disobeyed me. I sent him to Los Ricos to unload a car of thoroughbred cattle I had bought. They cost me a lot of money, Betty. Cal went to town all right, but instead of doing what I told him, he went to the saloon and got drunk, and the cattle were in the car for three days without food or water. At last I received word from the sheriff that the cattle had not been taken care of, and, by the time I got there, three of the cattle had died from thirst. I found Cal, and told him never to come back to the ranch. That is why I discharged him, Betty, and now I forbid you to mention his name again. Do you hear me?"

Betty eyed him from head to foot. "Why didn't you tell me when I asked you, a long time ago?" she cried, defiantly. Mr. Conrad gasped at the impudence.

"That will do, Betty; go to your room this minute, and go to bed. Never speak to me again as you did a moment ago, or you shall be severely punished."

Betty dropped a stiff curtsy, and tripped sedately across the room and into the hall, leading to her room. She sat on the edge of her little white bed and began to think. A half hour later, she arose and slipped into a pair of khaki bloomers and leggings, and crawled into bed.

She must have fallen asleep, for when she awoke everything was quiet, and there was no light. She arose noiselessly and looked out of the window. The moon was high and every object shown as plainly as in the light of day. After donning woolen cap and sweater, she crept stealthily down the hall, into the kitchen, and out the back door. She dashed across the moonlit space to the shadow of the bunk house, where she stood listening.

She heard no sound, save the rasping snorts issuing from the window. Again she ran, this time to the shadow of the barn. She tried with all her might to open the heavy door, but she couldn't even budge it. Tears of mortification sprang into her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, and splashed on the front of the red woolen sweater, instead of the pink starched apron.

Then an idea! She glided around the corner of the barn, and, without difficulty, opened the door to the saddle room. Leaving the door open, she could see her way easily, and after tugging and pulling at a couple of saddles, finally managed to make easy walking without stumbling.

She went directly to the stall where Streaks was kept, and with many

whispered threats and caresses, she untied the rope and led the horse, with much coaxing and pulling, out of the stall, up two steps into the saddle room, and out into the moonlight. As the horse crossed the plank floor, her heart almost ceased beating, for it seemed as if the loud stamps of the horse's hoofs could be heard for miles. She stood still for a moment, listening, and, on hearing no sound, started for the corral fence to get on. Then she made a terrible discovery.

The horse was not Streaks, but one of the mounts belonging to the riders, and evidently a young horse. What should she do? She dared not take the horse back, for fear she would be discovered, and, besides, she might not be able to find her own horse. There was no time to be lost; so with lips hard pressed, and heart scarcely beating, she led the horse to the fence, slipped a noose over his nose, and, after much coaxing, got him close enough to mount. The horse gave a plunge. Betty's head snapped back like a whip end, but she clung like a bur to the long mane.

The horse finally quieted down, and allowed her to guide him out of the barn's shadow, across the moonlit space, and into the road which led to town. She was aware that it was a long way, but she knew the way, and, besides, was she not going to find Cal, and bring him back? She leaned slightly over the horse's neck, and with a gentle pressure of her heels, urged him into that steady lope, for which all cow ponies are noted.

At nine o'clock next morning, a blue roan horse, without saddle or bridle, except a rope about his neck, and a noose over his nose, carried a little girl up to the public watering trough in front of the Apache Saloon of Los Ricos. The cow-boys lounging on the benches or against posts straightened up with wonder.

"Wot do yuh think o' that fer nerve, huh? Without saddle or bridle! Plucky little kid, that," exclaimed one admiringly.

Just then a tall young cow-boy, with laughing blue eyes, came out between the swinging doors.

"Good Heavens, Betty, why are you here, and why are you riding this horse? Why, child, he might have killed you; he's only a colt."

Betty burst into tears, and threw both arms about the young man's neck. "Oh, Cal, I just had to come after you. Daddy said you were never coming to the ranch any more, and I came to live with you," she sobbed. "I ran away, and I didn't have any supper or any breakfast, and I'm so-o-o hungry. Won't you get me something to eat?"

Tears gathered in the man's eyes, as he lifted her from the horse, and strode off toward the hotel, leaving the riders staring after him.

Two hours later a buckboard drawn by two lathered and dusty horses, pulled up in front of the hotel. One of the occupants sprang from the seat, and giving one glance at a blue roan horse tied to the rack, dashed up the steps and into the hotel lobby. A few minutes later, he rudely interrupted a thrilling conversation between a happy child and a sun-burned cow-boy.

"Betty, thank God, you are safe," and, turning to Cal, "You were the cause of it all, you scamp! Come on, Betty, I have no time to lose; you have caused me enough trouble already."



Betty drew away from him, clinging frantically to the long hair on Cal's chaps; "No, I won't, I'm going to stay here, unless you take Cal out to the ranch with you, too." Mr. Conrad gave a gesture of impatience, and, then, covering the man with a withering glance, said, sarcastically, "Well, I'll hire you for the purpose of amusing my daughter, and keeping her out of mischief. You'll make a better nurse girl than a cow-man, but don't forget, that never again will you be put in charge of any cattle of mine!"

A smile stole around the corners of Cal's mouth, for he knew Mr. Conrad's disposition better than that person did himself. So Cal went back to the ranch, and it may be interesting to relate here, that Cal Morton is now the foreman of the Conrad ranch, and that Betty is the proud possessor of a blue roan saddle horse, while old Streaks stands in the pasture, lazily switching his tail at the flies, and nibbling at the tall green grass that grows along the irrigation ditch.

—Elaine Hay, '20.



## THE LAST CRUISE OF THE VIOLET

(A True Story)

The "Violet" was listed under the Mexican-Central American Steamship Company. She carried cargo and a few passengers, who cared to go between Manzanillo in Mexico, and Muriscal in Central America.

The Captain of the "Violet" was an old Spaniard, who claimed to have sailed under Balboa.

The crew of the steamer was composed chiefly of Spaniards, with two Germans, and three Englishmen.

It was in the early part of May that the events here recorded, occurred. The ship had made her last trip on her old route, and was along-side the seawall at Manzanillo.

The theory is that the two German sailors on board the "Violet" influenced the crew to ship out under their leadership.

The names of the two Germans were Schmidts, the leader, and Tessin, his partner.

The Englishmen on board were from Canada; the only one necessary to mention here is George Watkins, who was the ship's purser and wireless operator.

The plan the Germans submitted to the crew was that they were to ship out some night and steam up the coast of California, where they could establish a trade along the coast; also that they would receive an increase in salary. The Englishmen seemed very easily influenced, along with the rest of the crew.

Everything went smoothly enough, and the "Violet" was detached from the seawall at Manzanillo, and steamed out of the small harbor.

This was at midnight of Friday, the 22d of May, 1918. Some of the

crew noticed a gun on the forward deck the next morning. They immediately wanted to know what it meant; so when Captain Schmidt and First Mate Tessin came up from below, they asked them. The Germans explained that the United States of America was at war with Germany, and that all her ships, large or small, carried a gun or more; so while flying an American flag, they also had to be armed.

About two weeks later, on Thursday, June the 5th, 1918, the protected cruiser Vicksburg, of the Pacific Fleet, was seen to bring into San Diego harbor, a small ship supposed to be a German cruiser.

Credit must here be given to George Watkins, the Englishman, who sent out wireless messages from the "Violet," which were picked up by the Vicksburg.

The crew was taken off, imprisoned, and, later, tried. The "Violet" was towed to Mare Island, and given a general overhauling.

You may chance to see her doing mine-laying duty on the east coast, where she was sent in the U. S. service, under the name of the "Defiance."

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NOTE—This ship was built at Mare Island Navy Yard in 1898, for the Victoria lines at Vancouver. She sailed for these people under the name of "MacArthur. (This fact was revealed when the painters at Mare Island found the name "MacArthur" painted under a coat of green paint, which had been given her later.) She must have been stolen from the Vancouver lines by the Mexicans, and it was from there, as my story relates, she came into the possession of the United States of America.

—Marvin Woods, '21



## THE JANITOR

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The janitor of the school passed through the hall, carrying with him his brooms and dust pans, typical of his position. He was of a tall, slender stature, and, from all appearances, middle-aged, or over. He seemed quite stooped, and walked peculiarly, conveying the suggestion of a limp. His hair was tinged with gray, and his keen, gray eyes peered piercingly forth from beneath shaggy eye brows. A gray moustache drooped over his mouth, and his chin was slightly pointed. There was an air of sternness, yet of politeness and good nature about the man. He had a pleasant smile, or a passing word for every student he encountered on his passage down the hall. "The Professor of dirt and dust," as he was styled by the students, was clad in a gray suit, rather worn, yet not shoddy looking. He wore no coat, but over his working shirt, he wore an old vest. From one pocket of his trousers hung an old, soiled, greasy dust rag that evidently had seen past service. Dangling from his belt was an enormous ring, on which rattled the keys to the

various rooms of the school. One of the striking features about his attire was his watch-fob—a piece of ivory carved in the shape of a horn, and colored brown. In the eyes of the pupils, as well as the teachers, this janitor seemed both janitor and friend, always ready to help them, or to look after their welfare.

—Mina Clark, '19.



## TO THE AMERICAN FLAG

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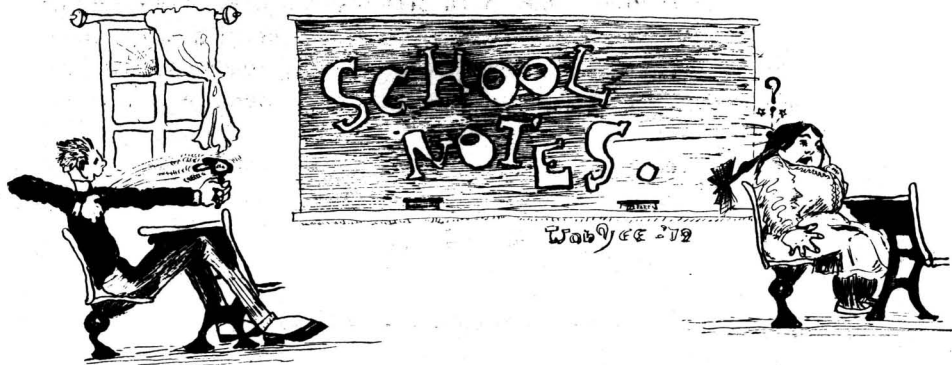
Oh thou—

Emblem of Liberty:  
What mighty hosts behind thee stand,  
What mortals' hearts with rapture beat,  
When thou floatest o'er the land!  
Thou art revered in every clime;  
No tyrant's hands dare 'gainst thee rise.  
Men come from far and distant shores  
With homage to thy sacred shrine.  
  
What justice thy tri-colors hold  
For those oppressed by tyrants' wrong:  
They sail across the bounding deep,  
And 'neath thy sheltering shadow throng.  
Thy glorious stars and stripes that shine,  
Like a beacon in the dark night time,  
Proclaim to the tumultuous world  
Ideals of Liberty sublime.

Oh thou—

Ensign of Freedom:  
May thy folds forever wave on high,  
The pride, the love we hold for thee,  
Declare, thou, these unto the sky;  
Our hearts, our souls are thine, O Flag,  
Our tend'rest pray'rs are all for thee.  
Our lives to thee we dedicate;  
Thou art great, forever great;  
My flag, I salute thee!

—Wah Yee, '19.



**MINA M. CLARK**  
President of Student Body

The activities of the Vacaville High School this year have been few and far between, owing to the influenza vacations, and the great number of outside interests.

### THE STUDENT BODY

The Student Body this year has not been what it used to be—a joy and credit to the school, and an institution always before the eyes of the public—but rather a weak organization of less than half of the enrolled members of the school. We hope for the sake of the name of the school that more interest will be taken in it next year. This is an apparently bold statement to be put into our school journal, but we are doing it in hopes of stimulating more interest in next year's Student Body. As was stated in one of our editorials, this year's Student Body has been a very queer organization, in that it very rarely held a meeting, but nevertheless it backed up all school enterprises with all the steadfastness of a much larger organization. It failed, however, to organize either a rooting section, which was one of our strong forts in former years, or a parliamentary section. Probably the failure to organize the parliamentary section was due to the many breaks in the school term, caused by the influenza.

The officers of the Student Body during the first semester were:

President—Leland Fisher.

Vice President—Carroll Hodge.

Secretary—Leila Watts.

Treasurer—Leland Lyon.

The following students were elected for the second semester:

President—Mina Clark.

Vice President—Paul Chandler.

Secretary—Katherine Steiger.

Treasurer—Amelia Montgomery.

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## THE CARNIVAL

At last, we were given the opportunity of again appearing in the lime-light. The public had almost forgotten what "sort o' stuff" V. H. S. was capable of putting forth, but we quickly recalled their floating memories when we staged our Carnival for the Armenian Relief. Days before, we had artists decorate the town with gaily-colored posters to attract a crowd to our good cause. We were not content to bring before our audience the "Shining Stars" alone, so we even introduced palm trees for scenic effect. The hallway on the second floor was the stage, or scene of action. Here appeared the performers of the evening. We put on everything from grand opera to illustrated jokes, and all free of charge. Our program speaks for itself:

1. Address -----Mr. Stoddard
2. Reading -----Lorena Watts
3. Minuet -----Vera Lyon, Dora Trippe
4. Solo -----Paul Chandler
5. Reading -----Mina Clark
6. "Faking" Quartet -----Paul Chandler,  
Katherine Steiger, Leland Fisher, Amelia Montgomery
7. Reading -----Marion Robinson
8. Mind Reading-----Bill Cole, Delbert Mowers
9. Illustrated Jokes -----Wah Yee
10. Vocal Solo and Violin Obligato-----Mr. and Mrs. Gillespi

To plead for the cause, Dora Trippe, in the costume of an Armenian Girl, told of the oppression of her people. The affair was a howling success. Even Mr. Burk joined in the chorus of busy venders, who were doing their utmost to attract attention to their wares. They had cook books, ice cream, candy and hot dogs to sell.

The different concessions were: Palace of Fine Arts, Fishing Pond, Hall of Mystery, Freshman Side Show, and Fortune Telling Booth. All these features swelled the general fund, which amounted to One Hundred Dollars, and this we gave as our "bit" toward the Armenian Relief Fund.

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## GLEE CLUB

The Student Body of the High School was very fortunate in getting the University of California Glee Club to come up to Vacaville on April the twenty-fifth. The concert was held in the Annex, before a fairly well-filled house. The Glee Club boys certainly maintained their high standard of en-

tertainment, by presenting one of the finest concerts which the people of Vacaville have ever heard. The Jazz Dance, which was held after the performance, attracted practically all of the concert crowd, so that the Student Body treasury was greatly enlarged by the gate receipts of this evening.

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### THE SPAGHETTI FEED

After our most successful Carnival, came the long-heralded Spaghetti Feed, which was served to a picturesque gathering, seated around tables on the lawn. Spaghetti, a l'Italienne, specially prepared by Mrs. Carlo, featured the luncheon, but potato chips, hot rolls, cakes and chocolate were also served.

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### CANDY SALES

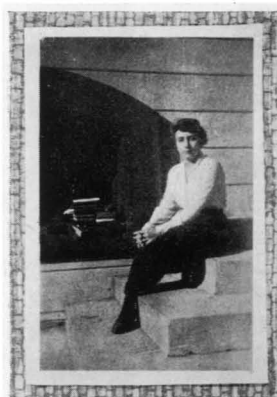
A number of candy sales were given this year by the various classes. They proved to be quite a success, and the classes would certainly have made much more on them than they did if the supply of candy had held out, for invariably, the same cry was heard repeated: "Sold out the last bag," or "Awfully sorry."

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### MOVIE SHOW

On May the seventeenth, the Student Body rented Duncan & Allen's motion picture theater, and presented Louise Alcott's "Little Women," in connection with a great vaudeville bill, consisting of the following numbers:

Mixed Quartet-----Paul Chandler, Katherine Steiger, Helen January, Leland Fisher  
Duet-----Julian Eltinge, Lyric Soprano; Nuts, Basso  
Beauty Chorus-----Amelia Montgomery and Company  
—Katherine Steiger, '19.  
—Leland Fisher, '19.



ELIZABETH ADSIT  
Chairman of Parliamentary and Literary Section





# Society Notes

## "MEMORIES"

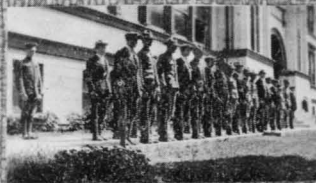
I remember, I remember, the fun of days of yore  
When the gallant boys in orange  
Went rolling round the floor.  
The crowds would yell and wave their hats,  
And make one grand to-do!  
But THESE were joys of other years,  
THIS year, we had the flu.

I remember, I remember  
The dances that we had,  
When each coquettish little girl,  
Was smiling at her lad (?)  
Ah! Those blissful moonlight waltzes,  
And those jazzy one-steps, too;  
What fun we've had at former dances!  
THIS year we've had the Flu.

I remember, I remember,  
Those gay old candy sales,  
When we'd stay up nights to cook the stuff,  
Then sell it by the bales.  
When the foolish Fresh would get a pain,  
But still would chew and chew.  
Ah! Those were pains of other years.  
THIS year we had the "Flu."

And, say, do you remember  
That we did have great old times  
In those days when almost everyone

# A Few Snapshots of The Cadets in action



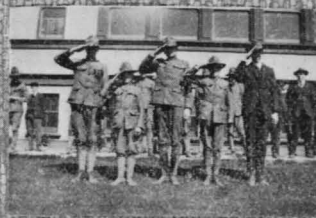
'Ten-Shum!



MARCH!



CAPT.



The Besta KIME.



1<sup>ST</sup> LIEUT.



HALT!



LEFT by SQUADS - MARCH!



READY —



Present ARMS!



— EXERCISE!

Worked hard to LEARN his rhyme?  
But now our little programs  
Are most always impromptu.  
Can you tell where to lay the blame,  
If not onto the flu?

And, yet, as I remember  
That the year is still so young,  
That much can be accomplished  
In the happy days to come,  
It will seem almost impossible  
When all this misery's through,  
That we survived the lack of fun  
In that year we had the FLU.

—Katherine Steiger, '19.

—Lorena Watts, '21.

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### FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On Friday evening, September 27th, the Sophomore Class of Vacaville High School tendered a reception to the Freshmen. This annual fete was held in the Odd Fellows' hall, which was artistically decorated in baskets of red flowers and green foliage. Marvin Woods gave the Freshmen a hearty welcome, while Donald Bassett responded with a few words of gratitude to the Sophomores. Mr. Stoddard then gave the Freshmen, as well as the rest of the assembly, a short talk. Then dancing commenced, and the Freshmen entered the frolic with true Freshman fervor. Several numbers were given between dances as a form of entertainment. A reading, "Bye, Jim," was given by Mina Clark, while a little tone was added to the evening by a piano solo by Katherine Hewitt, and a vocal solo by Helen January. Toward the middle of the evening the Freshmen were presented with gifts from Sophomores, such as rubber balls, rattles, safety pins and small dolls. At a rather late hour all left for home, the Freshmen happy with their presents, also at the thought of the nice white beds awaiting them.

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### SENIOR PARTIES

Mina Clark and Lee McCrory entertained at dancing in Elmira on Friday evening, February 21st, in honor of the Senior Class of the Vacaville High School. The Elmira hall was decorated for the occasion with an extensive canopy of red and white streamers, Senior Class colors. The lights were cleverly camouflaged in Japanese lanterns of harmonizing colors. Music for the dancing was furnished by an orchestra consisting of an accordion and drums. During the intermission a curtain was raised on the stage, revealing tables decorated with clusters of violets. This soon became a scene of revelry, for the favors, George Washington caps of gay colors, were donned by all. Forty guests were present, and all join in saying that they had an evening of good cheer.

On Saturday evening, March 8, 1919, Professor and Mrs. G. P. McGrew entertained the faculty and the Senior Class of Vacaville High School at a B. A. P., N. A. P., and L. A. P. party at their home. The initials B. A. P., N. A. P., L. A. P., proved to be "Big Apple Pie," "No Apple Pie," and "Little Apple Pie." These served as prizes during the first part of the evening. The B. A. P. was awarded to Miss Kirkpatrick, Katherine Steiger, Andrew Stevenson and Ernest Chase for the best piece of poetry written on a certain species of apple. The L. A. P. was won by Elizabeth Adsit, Monritta Gates, Mina Clark, Leland Lyon, and Henry Watts; and N. A. P. went to Marion Robinson, Leila Watts, Amelia Montgomery, Mrs. Stoddard and Belva Danielson.

Progressive games were played for some time, and then Mrs. McGrew, with the help of Mary Phillips and Frances Engstrom, served delicious refreshments. Later, movies were played. The Seniors and faculty all thanked Mr. and Mrs. McGrew for the good time given them.

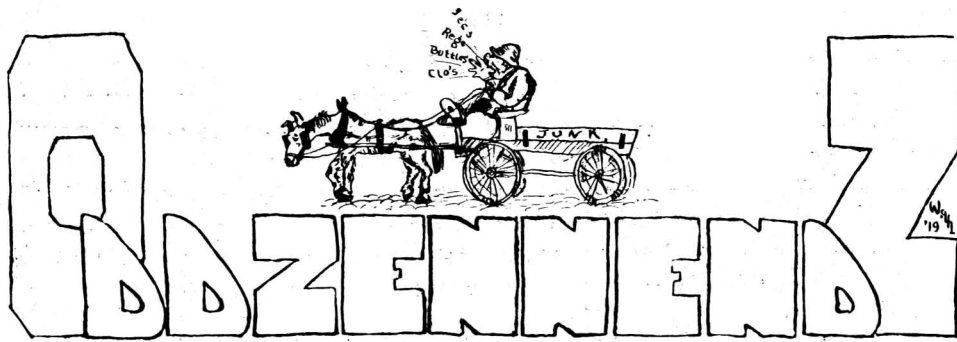
Then Mesdames Chandler, Montgomery, Lyon, Stevenson, Winter, Fotheringham, and Steiger entertained the Seniors at a dancing party in the Masonic Temple on Thursday evening, April 24th. The Masonic Temple's artistic beauty was added to by a trellis of small red roses and massive baskets of enormous red roses, the class flower. The music, consisting of an orchestra of a piano, drums, saxophone, and banjo, was furnished by the University Farm Orchestra from Davis. Toward midnight supper was announced, and the guests made their way to the brilliantly lighted banquet hall, where they partook of dainty refreshments. Everyone agrees that this was one of the social triumphs of this season.

On Saturday evening, May 10th, the Seniors were taken on a moonlight picnic, given by Mesdames Chase, Danielson and Stadtfeld. The merry crowd of Seniors and faculty went in one of Chandler, Brock & Chandler's trucks to Putah Creek. Here they were treated to delicious refreshments in the form of a basket lunch. The Seniors spent a lovely evening on the banks of Putah Creek, and appreciate the pleasure given them by their hostesses.

As this "Ulatis" goes to press, there are several other parties to be given in honor of the Seniors in the near future. Unfortunately, we shall not be able to put them into these Society Notes, as the time does not permit. There is also the Junior Prom., which will be held sometime toward the latter part of May, and at which all the Senior girls will "come out" in their new party dresses. In spite of the Flu epidemic, the Seniors all agree that they have no complaint to make in regard to the number of parties given in their honor, this year.

—Helen January, '19.





### MISS PRUNELLA PUSS

Poetry by Lorena Watts, '21.  
Subject matter, Marion Robinson.

Miss Prunella Puss was very precise,  
And proper and orderly, too ;  
She never soiled her milk-white fur,  
Nor anything wrong did do.

She was watched over with utmost care  
And bathed both morning and night.  
She was always fed on the thickest cream  
And never, never did fight.

But one day she saw something exceedingly queer,  
Her mistress had left on the table,  
And scampered toward it, quite excited,  
As fast as she was able.

Oh, My! It wasn't the least bit nice,  
It was sticky, and caught in its grasp  
Poor little Miss Prunella Puss  
Was too frightened to scarcely gasp.

She cried, and cried, and cried, and cried,  
And called aloud for aid ;  
'Twas a most disgraceful amount of noise  
That Miss Prunella Puss made.

Her mistress came and set her free,  
And petted and reassured her ;  
She washed the stickiness off her coat  
And brushed her beautiful fur.

Miss Prunella Puss, a very wise cat,  
Thereafter avoided all fly-paper,  
For tho' 'twas the very thing for flies,  
She decided it was not for her.

### THE SENIOR AND THE QUARTER

If you keep it in your pocket there will surely come a time  
When you're passing the confectionery store,  
That you'll want a little candy, and the quarter will be handy,  
And next day you'll not have it any more.  
If you keep it in the bureau, and a burglar comes some night,  
If he finds it he will dump it in his sack,  
And to all your pleading he'll be brutally frowning  
And unfeelingly refuse to give it back.  
You can buy five sodas with it—if you take the plainest kind—  
But at best you'll only get a passing thrill;  
And you'll finish up your frolic with a dreadful case of colic  
And your dad will get a nice, big doctor's bill.  
You can turn it into marbles at the toy shop down the street,  
But as soon as you have kept them for a spell  
You are likely to mislay them, or uncautiously you'll play  
With some little boy who shoots a lot too well.  
But, my Seniors, invest it in a thrift stamp and lend it to your Uncle Sam;  
Something that he really needs to win the war,  
And all patriots should send him all the money they can lend him,  
And 'twill do no harm to send a little more.  
And when Uncle Sam is through with it you will get your quarter back  
From its journey where it helped upset a throne;  
And, Dear Senior, as it lingers in your grateful little fingers  
You will whisper, "Goodness gracious! How you've grown!"  
—Frances Engstrom.

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### A SONG OF THE '19 CLASS

Long ago in Vaca Valley  
Stood this school of Vacaville.  
On a hill, a bump of knowledge,  
Stood the school of Vacaville—  
Every day, with smiling faces,  
Haughty teachers with airs and graces,  
And the youths with mincing paces,  
Came to school at Vacaville.

Among these youths with smiling faces  
Was Leland Fisher, the sagacious,  
Talking, laughing, kidding teachers,  
Getting by with all of them.  
Next in line came Lloyd, the small one,  
Cutting classes, having fun,  
Teasing Kate and Lizzie Adsit,  
And with a smile for every one.



Now we'll sing of Charles, the silent,  
Chewing gum and looking wise!  
While Amelia, with her glances,  
Looks at Lee and rolls her eyes.  
So we come to Mina Marion,  
Studios, beyond a doubt,  
With a bent for taming lions,  
For with them she doesn't pout.  
Thus, our little song is ended,  
Regarding some of the '19 class.  
There are others we haven't mentioned,  
But with honor they did pass.

—Helen January, '19.

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### IMAGINE!

Dorothy Bassett, small and slim,  
Leland Fisher, playing a hymn.  
    Paul Chandler, with little feet,  
    Ruth McCrory, not looking neat.  
Elizabeth Adsit, not spreading "news."  
Katherine Steiger, with the "blues."  
    Helen January, at school on time,  
    Lorena Watts, committing a crime.  
Ernest Chase, kidding the girls,  
Marion Robinson, without her curls.  
    Leland Lyon, without his walk,  
    Amelia Montgomery, deprived of talk.  
Verona Gates, tall and stately,  
Charlie Fotheringham, acting saintly.  
    Mina Clark, without her Lion,  
    Lloyd Chandler, for "ones" a tryin'.  
Carroll Hodge, without his "smoke,"  
Leila Watts, cracking a joke.  
    Lee McCrory, backward and shy,  
    Henry Watts, quick and spry.  
If you cannot imagine it;  
You surely are not clever a bit.

—Amelia Montgomery, '19.

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### THE TEN CHEMISTRY COMMANDMENTS

P. B. C., '20.

1. Thou shalt study nought but chemistry during the laboratory periods.
2. Thou shalt not look upon thy neighbor's paper during written lessons.

3. Thou shalt not leave the room before the gong rings.
4. Thou shalt not gossip when thou shouldst be doing experiments.
5. Thou shalt not replenish thy supply of apparatus without first speaking to thy instructor.
6. Thou shalt not partake of any chemicals without consulting thy instructor.
7. Thou shalt write thy experiments the day after they are performed.
8. Thou shalt always clean and put away thy apparatus at the end of the period.
9. Thou shalt not mix any chemicals except for use in the laboratory.
10. Thou shalt not be late to the chemistry class.

(Signed) G. P. McGREW.



## THE SENIORS

### I.

Whence came the Seniors, Freshie, dear?  
Out of the grammar school into the here.  
Where did they get their nifty looks?  
From divers "ads" they read in books.

### II.

What makes the girls so full of "pep"?  
Why so careful of their "rep"?  
Where did they get those laughing eyes?  
Out where the gleaming sunbeam lies.

### III.

Where are the boys of the Senior class?  
Those dear, dear boys that are always en masse.  
Why are they all so straight and still?  
Ah, that results from military drill.

### IV.

Are the Seniors liked so very well?  
Well, I wonder if it's best to tell.

Those Seniors are so full of fun  
That they keep the other classes on the run.  
—Dorothy Bassett, '21.

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### **"IF'S" OF THE CLASS OF 1919**

What would happen—  
If Ah Wah Yee forgot to draw,  
Or Henry Watts said that he saw  
Amelia Montgomery in the History room,  
And Lee McCrory didn't show up soon?  
If Marion Robinson went to a dance  
And Andrew didn't take the chance  
Of having the first dance, and the last,  
And an extra one-step, rather fast?  
If Leland Fisher dropped the jazz  
And left the piano, just as  
Helen January began to sing,  
And fancy notes on the air took wing?  
If Monritta Gates forgot to say,  
"Aw! You're crazy," every day;  
Or Leila Watts did her own French  
Instead of asking Ernest at the Physics bench?  
If Boyd came to Spanish every day,  
And studied his lessons while away;  
Or Charles Fotheringham forgot his gum,  
And Lloyd in English didn't hum?  
If Mina Clark should stay at home  
While Leland Lyon went out alone.  
Or Florence Parrott stayed out of school,  
And Belva Danielson broke a rule?  
If Katherine Steiger forgot to laugh,  
And Elizabeth Adsit wrote but half  
Of History outline, or English theme?  
(Oh; how unusual it would seem.)  
If Uriel Rutherford forgot to quit,  
But carried on this foolish wit  
'Till some small mischief it might brew?  
The world would have to start anew.  
—Uriel Rutherford, '19.

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### **THE WAIL OF A FRESHMAN**

(With apologies to Longfellow)  
We heard in the hallway above us,  
The patter of moving feet;  
A mingling of three great classes,  
And, oh,—the sound was sweet!  
We thought we were safe in our fortress  
But we found it was insecure—  
The "Sophs" came rushing upon us,  
Us, so meek and demure.  
They hurried us off to the dungeon;  
They took from our shoes their laces,

They took our hairpins from our hair,  
And calmly washed our faces.

They acted most unkindly to us,  
(But we always knew we were fated)  
And what do you think they said to us?  
That we were initiated.

—Thelma Kuhlman, '22.

### SONG OF A SUMMER NIGHT

1—'Midst gloom profound  
You hear the sound  
Of one mosquito  
Buzzing round.

2—No aeroplane or fleet,  
But one lone skeet,  
Who feels that it is  
Time to eat.

3—Your teeth you set  
And breathe a threat,  
To-wit: "Old top,  
I'll get you yet."

4—You doze again  
And in the dim  
And velvet darkness  
Wait for him.

5.—You may swat and swat,  
But he is not  
Alighting on the  
Swatted spot.

6—But when you doze  
In your repose  
He sinks his fangs  
Into your nose.

7—Or finds a patch  
Upon your thatch  
That's very hard  
To reach and scratch.

8—You wake and swear  
And swat the air,  
But the skeeter  
Is not there.

9—And so all night,  
Bite after bite,  
He gluts his  
Horrid appetite.

10—Some men would say  
That it is plain  
That the mosquito  
Has no brain.

—Frances Engstrom (Soph.), '21.



A SCENARIO  
Without a plot

# His Only Way or "Sweet" Vengeance



I.  
The "Wider"



II.  
The "Darter"



III.  
"Argonne"



IV.  
THE SCOUNDREL



V.  
Scoundrel: "MARRY ME"  
Darter: "I CAN'T SAY."



VI.  
"TAKE ME AS I  
AM."



VII.  
SCOUNDREL: "MARRY ME AND  
ALL WILL BE  
MINE!"



VIII.  
"OH - HELL EN!"



IX.  
THE KNOT TIED



X.  
WIDER: "DARTER YOUR  
NEW DAD!"



Dear Soldier Boy:

You asked me in your last letter on what date Commencement would fall, and how many of your former classmates would be graduated. I am very sorry that you had to leave us at the end of our Sophomore year, for the last two years of our school life have been one huge continuation of the good times we enjoyed in our Freshman and Sophomore years.

You doubtless remember the good old practices we used to have in the Annex, trying to win the cup for Vaca High. Our Junior year saw the culmination of our ambition. We won the S. C. A. L. basketball cup, and it is certainly is some cup! Four of our class had the honor of having their names inscribed upon it, viz: Andrew Stevenson, Charles Fotheringham, Lester Burton, and Leland Lyon. I believe that some of those boys were on the team when you were here.

I don't know whether or not you heard about the fight we had in our Junior year with the Seniors, over the class numbers on the barn. First, the '18 won, and then '19 came into prominence. But when you come back, you'll see old '19 at the most conspicuous point on the top of the barn, bidding defiance to all the world.

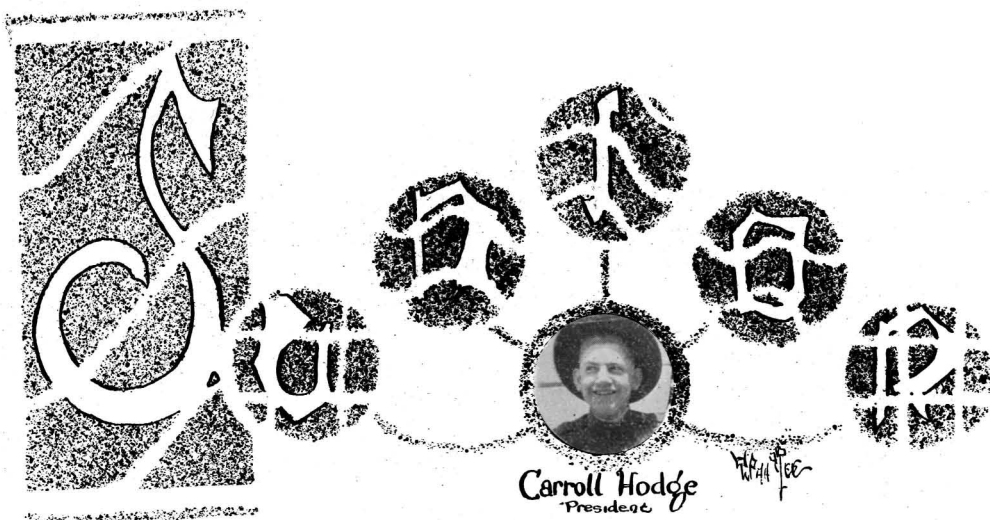
Out of a class of forty-two, when you and I were Freshmen, we now have left twenty-two. We are perhaps the largest class ever graduated from this High School. And just think of it! Twelve of us are going to college. I may as well tell you who they are, because I'm sure you will remember all of them. They are: Irene Jones, Elizabeth Adsit, Uriel Rutherford, Boyd Parker, Leila Watts, Henry Watts, Ernest Chase, Katherine Steiger, Andrew Stevenson, Leland Fisher, Wah Yee, probably Florence Parrott, and myself. Our class officers for this last semester are: Leland Lyon, President; Amelia Montgomery, Vice President; Lee McCrory, Secretary, and Monritta Gates, Treasurer.

I wish you were only here to enjoy all our parties and dances with us! The Mothers and friends have been so lovely to us this year. I hear that you will be sailing for home soon. When you get back, look us up and we shall have an old-fashioned family reunion of your class of 1919.

I beg to remain, sincerely yours,

—Marion Robinson, '19.





### STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Look out! We're coming, and we are not going to stop! Who is coming? Why, the Juniors, of course. They are always up and coming. Everyone acknowledges that. Although there are not many members of this worthy class, nevertheless we can "jazz" 'em up. Just notice the Junior Prom.

Shortly after the long grind up the hill of knowledge started, we Juniors held a meeting and formed our company in order to go "over the top" for the first semester. The members of the company were:

Captain—Muriel Robinson.  
 First Lieutenant—Elaine Hay.  
 Second Lieutenant—Daisy March.  
 First Class Private—Bertha Baynes.  
 First Class Private—Nina Bartlett.  
 First Class Private—Lydia Lawrence.  
 First Class Private—Paul Chandler.  
 First Class Private—Mike Rago.  
 First Class Private—Carroll Hodge.  
 First Class Private—Bertha Baynes.

We trained every day from 9:00 A. M. to 3:15 P. M., preparing for the skirmish. But, alas, along came the invincible conqueror, the "Flu." It stopped all our training until almost the second semester; thus delaying our preparations.

Finally, the second semester rolled around. We again organized our forces, with renewed efforts, and intentions of, at least, doing something for our protection (V. H. S.)? The forces were as follows:

Captain—Carroll Hodge.  
 First Lieutenant—Paul Chandler.  
 Second Lieutenant—Mike Rago.

First Class Private—Elaine Hay.  
First Class Private—Daisy March.  
First Class Private—Muriel Robinson.  
First Class Private—Nina Bartlett.  
First Class Private—Lydia Lawrence.  
First Class Private—Bertha Baynes.

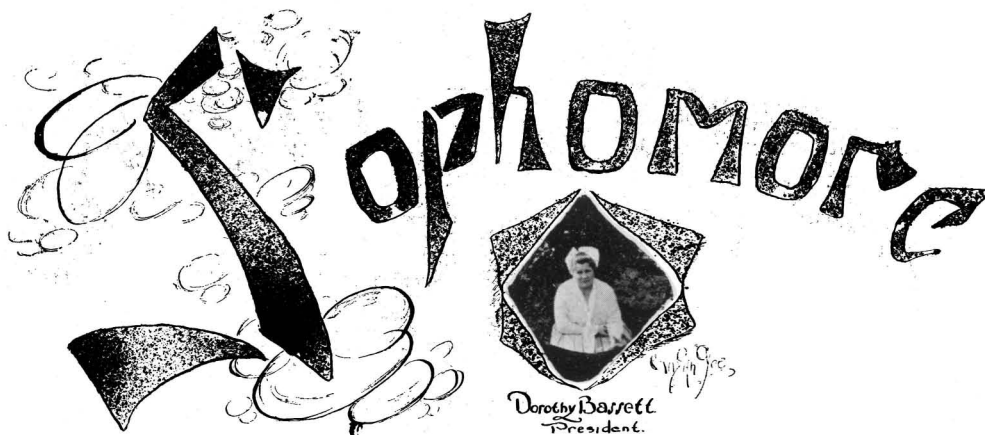
The first important thing we did for our protection was to hold a luncheon. The proceeds were donated to the Student Body fund, which went for the publication of this wonderful paper. I shall not attempt to enumerate the noble deeds of this wonderful class, on account of the limited space.

But one thing that I must not forget to mention is the Junior Prom, given in honor of the Seniors. It was held in the Masonic Temple, June 4th, A. D. 1919. Everyone enjoyed himself immensely. This is the send-off into life that we gave to the Seniors. It had to be something lively for those "jazzy Seniors."

But don't forget that we are all steadily climbing up to Seniorship, with a surplus of "jazz" that cannot be over-estimated.

C. C. H., '20.





## CHAPTER I

All Vaca High is divided into four parts, one of which is composed of the Seniors, another the Juniors, the third the Sophomores, the fourth those who, in their own language, are called Freshmen, in ours, school pests. All these differ from one another in customs, dress, and school spirit. Several months of summer vacation separate these from one another. Of these the greatest are the Sophomores, because they are far removed from both the ignorance of the Freshmen and the bombast of the Juniors and Seniors.

## CHAPTER II

Shortly after the opening of school, a conference was held for the purpose of appointing commanders for Cæsar's favorite legion, the Sophomores. Marvin Woods, son of J. E. Woods, formerly town marshal, and of great power and influence, not only in Vacaville, but also in the neighboring states, was placed in command of the entire legion, and Horace McKinley and Merl Waggoner, two soldiers well skilled in the use of arms, were placed in command of the cavalry and infantry. During the first semester we were greatly annoyed by the neighboring tribe of Freshmen, who attempted to wage war upon our men. Aroused by their taunts, our men joined battle with them, in which battle the Freshmen were overcome and thrown into confusion.

## CHAPTER III

In January it was necessary to hold another conference to appoint successors to those who had so gallantly given their lives to Cæsar and their beloved fatherland. Dorothy Bassett, Helen Penaluna, and Bernice Gates, three citizens of great prominence and influence in Vaca High, were appointed to fill the vacancies. Cæsar, having called together his men and besought their aid in obtaining money for the "Ulati," such a great feeling of patriotism was inspired in all that neither time nor labor was spared, and many of this brave legion risked their lives in their noble attempts to aid their beloved leader.

And, truly, the Sophomores are worthy of especial mention, for never before, in the memory of our fathers, has such a noble and brave legion been known.

—Lorena Watts, '21.



We, the valiant class of '22, started our career as Freshmen of V. H. S. September 10th, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, with the noble number of thirty-four.

We soon startled the faculty with our heretofore wholly unsuspected, vast store of knowledge; never had they dreamed of such untold wisdom as we proceeded to air upon this enlightened hilltop; verily out of the mouths of babes.

With characteristic promptness, we held a class meeting and elected Donald Bassett President, Ramona Lyon Vice President, and Delbert Mowers assumed the weighty duties of Secretary and Treasurer.

Red and green (we really adore bright colors) became our class colors, much to the amusement of those boorish Sophies.

Slightly before September 27th, those Sophs most condescendingly invited us to a reception given in our honor on that date. Much to our surprise, we enjoyed ourselves. It was certainly more than we expected, when they openly showed their admiration for us by presenting us with most beautiful, and altogether suitable gifts.

Soon after this came the unpleasant task of hazing those Sophs, and we succeeded admirably. From excessive modesty, we fail to give details. Some time later we were desolated by the departure of Lloyd Hawkins, Dulcie Mason and Ruth Trevethick.

Then came the "Flu" and vacation, but we hear that the rest of the school enjoyed the same enforced rest. After this delay, we returned, mentally invigorated, and ready for any fresh torture that any member of the faculty might see fit to inflict upon us.

Ernest Jeffery attended school for a short time; and took English with us, when he felt so inclined. But he soon found the weighty subject too deep for him, so he quit us, and school.

After the Christmas holidays, all returned, with the exception of Clement Hartley, who left for "Thatcher's" school for boys, in the southern part of the State.

Shortly after this, certain Seniors wailed because of lack of funds in the treasury for our "Ulatis," so we decided to hold a candy sale to do our share. We can't say that it was exactly a howling success, but we netted \$8.70 to contribute to the fund.

The result of the election of officers for the second semester was as follows: President, Donald Bassett; Vice President, Thelma Kuhlmann; Secretary and Treasurer, Catherine Hewitt.

The three days of vacation during Institute, though much delayed, was as much more enjoyed, and proved to be at just the right time to let us realize that spring was really here.

The next week Mr. Stoddard was away, and Mina Clark taught us Latin in his absence, and we surely hope she enjoyed the week as much as we did. That wasn't the only interesting occurrence during the week, however.

One noon hour the Sophomore boys took advantage of the Professor's absence, and tried to "start something" and haze our boys, but they found out that they had made a sad mistake, for although most of the other boys in different classes helped them, finally, upon repeated appeals from Mr. McGrew, we called a truce 'till Mr. Stoddard returned, at any rate.

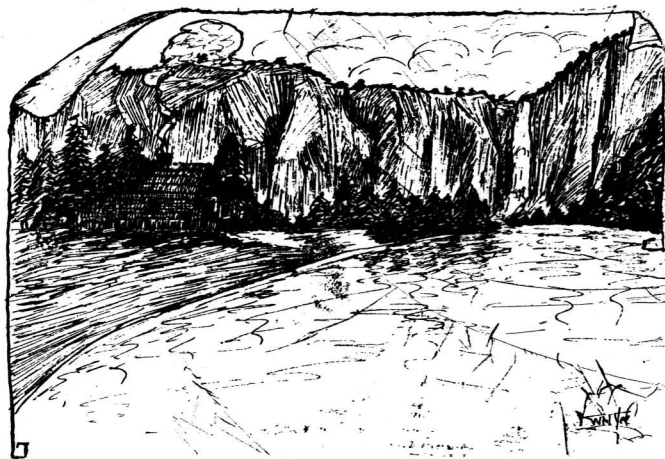
We are now favored by the companionship of a genuine "Bolshevik," namely, Fred Evanikoff, from Lowell High School, San Francisco. But he's not really dangerous, now, at least.

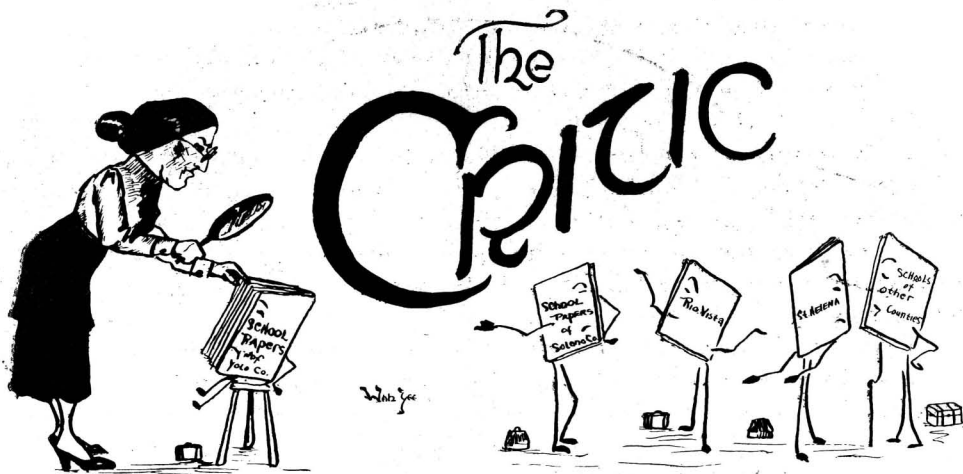
The girls have lately been trying to start a baseball team, and we expect some world champions in that line soon.

You can't keep good men and women down—that's our motto.

—Bill Cole, '22.

—Dora Trippe, '22.





The practice of exchanging school papers is a very excellent thing, and we are very sorry that our list is so short this year. We sent a great many copies of the "Ulatis" away, but have received only a few papers from outside schools. A good many schools did not publish an annual last year on account of the war, and most of those who did, reduced the size in order to "save" for the boys "over there"; so this accounts for the small number of exchanges. We do not attempt to criticise our exchanges, because no one is able to criticise a paper justly, taking into consideration the handicaps with which the publishers had to contend, except the editor who published it, and his staff. Especially does this hold good for last year.

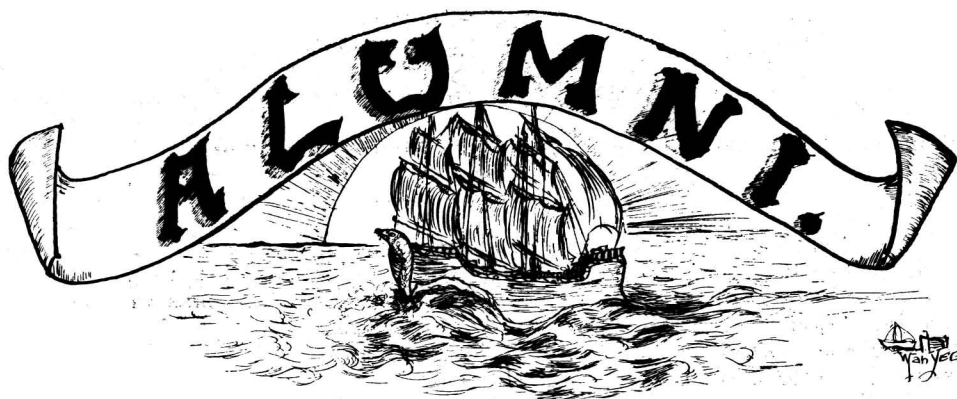
We wish to thank the schools represented in this department for their papers, which were greatly enjoyed, not only by the staff, but by the entire school, and we hope to hear from you all next year.

The following is a list of our contemporaries who have sent us ex-

1. "Pine Crest," Tuolumne.
- change copies :
2. "Poppy," Winters.
3. "Colus," Colusa.
4. "Dictum Est," Red Bluff.
5. "Napanie," Napa.
6. "Ilex," Woodland.
7. "Oahu," Honolulu.
8. "Agricola," Davis State Farm.

—Elizabeth Adsit, '19.





#### CLASS OF '05

Laura Caldwell	Mrs. Howard Rogers, Vacaville.
Rollin M. Smith	
James W. Caughy	Superintendent F. H. Buck Co., Vacaville.
J. Roe Rogers	Foreman Cotton Plantation, Chandler, Ariz.
Lillian C. Buck	Mrs. Chris Sieber, Woodland.
M. Raines Miller	Chemist, Agricultural Dept., University of Nevada, Reno, Nev.
Inez Elsie Lawrence	Mrs. Walter Chandler, Vacaville.
Alda Virginia McBride	Bookkeeper H. D. Chandler Lumber & Supply Company, Vacaville.
Grace Denton	Teaching Domestic Science, Elk Grove.
Henry B. Turner	Residing at home, near Suisun.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Rupert Towson	France.
E. J. Cox	Cashier, Bank of Vacaville.
Laura Churchill	Mrs. R. E. Watson, Vacaville.
Verna Dutton	Mrs. R. E. Vernon, Alameda.
Nettie Higuera	San Francisco.
William S. Godfrey	Haight-Street Theatre, San Francisco.

#### CLASS OF '06

Ella V. Rippey	Working in Telephone Office, Suisun.
Anna Anderson	Teaching, San Francisco.
Maud E. Sharpe	Mrs. Clarence Smith, Vacaville.
Charles Forrest Calligan	
William Chubb	Deceased.
Harriet Josephine Harbison	Mrs. James R. Masson, Marysville.
Palmer Holt	Willets.
Linder D. Denton	Attorney-at-Law, Seattle.
Jane Burton	Residing at home, Vacaville.
Mary Burton	Mrs. Bird, Birds Landing.
Fidelia Hagerty	Nursing, San Francisco.
Genoveva McFarland	Mrs. Edgar Johnson, San Jose.
Willa M. Marshall	Mrs. Walter Schaefer, Rio Vista.
Edna Marshall	Mrs. Ralph Schaefer, Vacaville.

Blanche Holt-----Mrs. Roy Parson, Chico.  
 Lola Edith Dunn-----Mrs. Lester Newton Dunn, Sunnyvale.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Fillmore B. Duncan-----Fruit Business, Sacramento.

#### CLASS OF '07

Marion Weir-----Residing at home, Vacaville.  
 Sadie Ann Watson-----Mrs. George Dwight Wood, Berkeley.  
 Harvey W. Syster-----Interstate Commerce Commissioner, Omaha  
 Iva M. Rogers-----Teaching, Chandler, Ariz.  
 Mary Belle Owens-----Teaching, San Jose.  
 Ansel G. McWilliams-----Deceased.  
 Jessie E. Frost-----Attending Heald's Business College.  
 Vesta E. Condon-----Teaching High School, Berkeley.  
 Mary Gilman Hale-----Martinez.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Wallace Hogue-----  
 Henry J. Rogers-----Army.  
 Edna M. Owens-----Mrs. Nelson, Fiater, Berkeley.  
 Olive Olson-----Deceased.  
 Joseph Libonati-----With Vacaville Fruit Company.

#### CLASS OF '08

Maggie Waggoner-----Nursing, Oakland.  
 Mabel L. Lawrence-----Mrs. Wiley Killingsworth, Berkeley.  
 Charlotte R. Cantelow-----Residing in Stockton.  
 Rosalia C. Chandler-----Mrs. Marvin C. Hurt, Vacaville.  
 Vera Grove-----Mrs. E. J. Cox, Vacaville.  
 Lillian Pearl Fraser-----Mrs. Oscar McCoy, Berkeley.  
 Ola Fraser-----Teaching Grammar School, Vacaville.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Clotilde Higuera-----San Francisco.

#### CLASS OF '09

Loraine Watson-----Berkeley.  
 Laurens Killingsworth-----Los Gatos.  
 Charles H. Rogers-----Deceased.  
 Belle Hagerty-----Dietitian in Philadelphia.  
 Esther Sharpe-----Mrs. Guy Eldredge, Vacaville.  
 Roland E. Hartley, Jr.-----San Francisco.  
 Erma Montgomery-----Mrs. Thomas Wright, Benicia.  
 Leonard W. Buck-----Berkeley.  
 May Ellen Farrell-----Teaching in Pena District, Vacaville.

#### CLASS OF '10

Marie Derby-----Mrs. Laurens Killingsworth, Los Gatos.  
 Mamie C. Cox-----Teaching in Milzner District, Vacaville.

Frances Evah Vest.....Mrs. Thomas McCullough, Gridley.  
 Marion White.....Mrs. Russell Chandler, Vacaville.

#### CLASS OF '11

Ruby Larose.....Mrs. Frank Reid, Oakland.  
 Pearl Larose.....Mrs. Will Reid, San Pedro.  
 Louise Krause.....Mrs. Will Godfrey, San Francisco.  
 Hazel Duncan.....Proprietor Grand Theatre, Vacaville.  
 Mabel Christopher.....Working in First National Bank, Vacaville.  
 Nannie Lawrence.....Mrs. Clarence Burton, Vacaville.  
 Edna March.....Mrs. Fred McCollough, Elmira.  
 Elise Buckingham.....Yeomanette.  
 Rhoda Buckingham.....Mrs. Earl Montgomery, Stockton.  
 A. Joe Keyes.....

#### CLASS OF '12

Gersta Allen.....Deceased.  
 Gladys Chambers.....Mrs. Homer Bolter, Vallejo.  
 Helen Chandler.....Bookkeeper Telephone Office, Vacaville.  
 Caroline Couch.....Training at Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles.  
 Helen Harbison.....Residing at home, Vacaville.  
 Abbie Lurvey.....Mrs. Asher, Oakland.  
 Hazel Meyers.....Fairfield.  
 Ruth Meyers.....Mrs. Howard Yatsie, Fairfield.  
 Mintie Perry.....Mrs. Lester Parker, Rodeo.  
 Fay Watson.....Berkeley.  
 Beulah Wheeler.....Mrs. Michael Heaney, Santa Rosa.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Frank Gonsalves.....Farming, Vacaville.

#### CLASS OF '13

James R. McCrory.....Ranching, Elmira.  
 Margaret Steiger.....Chemist, Paraffine Paint Company, Oakland.  
 Mabel Norton.....  
 George Allen.....Proprietor of Grand Theatre, Vacaville.  
 Ivory Fry.....With "Anaconda Standard," Butte, Mont.  
 Ben Newell.....Residing in Vacaville.  
 Leo Reese.....Working in Reese's Store, Vacaville.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

William Burton.....Ranching, Vacaville.  
 Stephen Roloff.....Navy, Stationed in Russia.  
 Pearl Williams.....Mrs. James Stipp, Oakland.  
 Alice Duncan.....Working for Southern Pacific, Coalinga.  
 Elma Mahler.....Mrs. Clark Casselman, Bakersfield.  
 Loa Reininger.....Studying Music, Mt. Vernon, Wash.

#### CLASS OF '14

Jewell Dennis.....Deceased.  
 Vera Dutton.....Working for Marmion Company, Oakland.

Ethel Miller	Mrs. Fred Klays, Vacaville.
Alma Nelson	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Helen Jones	Teaching, Rhine District, Vacaville.
Ruby Phillips	Residing at home, Vacaville.
Dorothy White	Head Surgical Dept., Woodland Sanatorium.
Gladys Hinman	Working in Vacaville Drug Co., Vacaville.
Frank Hinman	23d Engineers, Longres, France.
Jeannette Rockwell	Working in Telephone Office, Vacaville.
Clarence Davis	Ranching, near Elmira.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Jessie Rose	Mrs. Purvince, Los Gatos.
Lolita Wight	Working in Ready-to-Wear Shop, Vacaville
Walter Stark	Living on the Ranch, Vacaville.

#### CLASS OF '15

Henry Dresser	In the Navy.
Clementina January	Nursing, San Francisco.
Marjory Allen	Working in Bank of Vacaville, Vacaville.
Mildred Johnson	Working in Telephone Office, Vacaville.
Kyrl Newport	Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Vallejo.
Helena Schmidt	Government Position in Honolulu.
Hazel Merchant	Residing at home, Vacaville.
Elena Waggoner	Mrs. Elmer Merchant, Winters.
Jessie Simmons	Teaching, Tulare.
Jessie Coulter	Mrs. Abraham, Vacaville.
Dorothy Nicol	Mrs. Martin Hayes, San Francisco.
Ruth Dally	Mrs. Dotters, Richmond.

#### CLASS OF '16

Mona Palmer	Governmental Position in Alaska.
Stanley Dobbins	Member of Firm of S. P. Dobbins & Son.
John January	Studying, Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.
Maude Davis	Teaching Owen District, Elmira.
Douglas Killingsworth	Working in Berkeley.
Eugene Williams	Working in Elmira.
Ruth Fotheringham	Teaching in Grammar School, Vacaville.
Josephine Baynes	Training in U. C. Hospital.
Glyde Phillips	With her Sister in Canada.
Pearl Hinman	Bookkeeper for Tutt Grocery, Oakland.
Adele Jones	Training in Lane's Hospital, San Francisco.
Madeline Kowanda	At her Home, Oakland.
Elgan Patten	Farming, Vacaville.
Lutie Stanford	Working in Pacific Mail S. S. Co., San Francisco.
Clay Waggoner	Working near Stockton.
Mary Chase	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Donald Crystal	Attending U. C., Berkeley.

#### CLASS OF '17

Sinclair Dobbins	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Mildred March	Residing at home, Vacaville.
Hellen Davis	Residing at home, Vacaville.

Jerry Borges	Freight Clerk S. P. Co., Elmira.
Mable Baynes	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Rebecca Phillips	Clerk in Sacramento Northern Depot, Vacaville.
Beulah Lurvey	Working for F. H. Buck Co., Vacaville.
Zuella Miller	Working for F. H. Buck Co., Vacaville.

CLASS OF '18

Samuel Terrill	Studying Pharmacy at the Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.
Gertrude Adsit	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Reuben Kunkel	Proprietor of The Sugar Bowl, Vacaville.
Woodford Harrison	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Ruth McCrory	Taking Post Graduate Work, V. H. S.
Lillian Weldon	Residing at home, Vacaville.
Verona R. Gates	Taking Post Graduate Work, V. H. S.
Annie Stevenson	Attending U. C., Berkeley.
Verna Stottlemeyer	Working in Telephone Office, Vacaville.
Carlton Hinman	Working in Union Water Co., Oakland.
Pearl Hewitt	Assisting Her Father, T. L. Hewitt, Jeweler
Dudley Mitchell	Working for Standard Oil Co., Oakland.
	—Ruth McCrory, '18.
	—Verona R. Gates, '18.

## THE SENIOR LIKE THE WIND

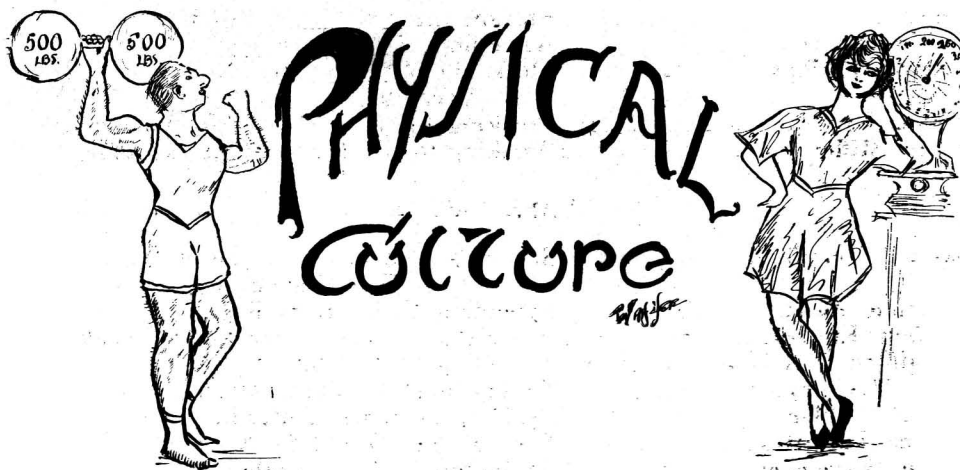
The wind in a frolic oho-oho!  
Just like a Senior when he's on the go,  
Oh, where does it come from and where does it go?  
Just ask a Senior—he ought to know.

It comes with a blast, and goes with a whirl,  
Just like a Senior when he's after his girl;  
It tosses the leaves all over the world,  
Just like a Senior in a waltz with his girl.

The wind howls here, the wind howls loud,  
Just like a Senior amidst a crowd;  
A kiss from a sunbeam—a tear from a cloud,  
Just like a Senior when he is proud.

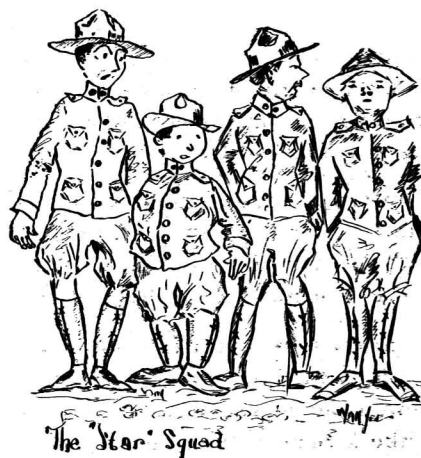
Oh, where does it come from, and where does it go,  
No one but a Senior ought to know,  
He travels so fast, and yet—so slow,  
But to keep up with those girls—  
You must “go some,” you know.

—Mary E. Phillips, '21.



### MILITARY TRAINING IN VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

Under the leadership of Professor George P. McGrew, the boys of V. H. S. formed a company of cadets at the beginning of the school term. There were nearly five squads with which to begin, but four officers were elected, and two of the boys left school. As the officers are stationed in the rear of the company as file closers, there were only four squads left. The officers at present are:



Captain—Leland Lyon.  
 First Lieutenant—Paul Chandler.  
 Second Lieutenant—Leland Fisher.  
 First Sergeant—Lloyd Chandler.

The boys progressed very rapidly, and soon had a good idea of the company and squad movements. We had been very fortunate in being able to secure the assistance of several army men, among them are Stanley Dobbins, Lieutenant Oscar L. Garlichs, and Lieutenant Donald Dimond, who is now



drilling us practically every day. Since the addition of guns to our equipment, a new interest has been created, and the boys are becoming very clever in the manual of arms.

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### BOYS' ATHLETICS

"Say, Jim, what's 'a matter wid ole V. H. S. dis year," said Cachaney, a young athletic enthusiast. "Dey ain't done much of anything in athletics this year. What's 'a matter wid that champeen basketball team?"

"Well, first of all, the influenza came along, and upset the league. Secondly, since they didn't arrange to get our gymnasium built, we didn't have any place in which to practice. But they showed some class in what they did."

"Without any practice, they defeated Armijo twice, but lost the third game, which was the only league game they played. They also went down to Benicia, where they defeated a picked team from that town.

"Although there are possibilities of a fair team next year, it will never develop unless a hall is provided in which to practice."

"It was tough luck that you didn't have any hall for basketball, but what's 'a matter-wid the track team? Dey don't need no hall, do dey?"

"Well, the boys don't seem to take much interest in track, and, those who do get out to train, complain of the hardness of the track. However, the best material must be afraid of catching cold, because they are very seldom seen out on the track. Don Bassett entered the mile run at the Davis Farm Picnic, but since he is young and inexperienced, he couldn't take a place. In another year, we hope he will develop into a good mile runner. At the May Day picnic at Dixon, we entered into a mile relay against the several schools of the county. The team was made up of: Leland Lyon, Paul Chandler, Donald Bassett, and Andrew Stevenson. Although the first three runners won their heat, the final runner quit before he got to the finish, but discovered his mistake in time to win second place."

"The reason for quitting was that there was no tape across the track to mark the finish, and the people crowding onto the track, led Stevenson to believe that he had finished."

"How about baseball?" inquired Cachaney.

"Our game with Armijo was the only game we played this year. In this game, we showed our woeful lack of practice, and lost by a score of 19 to 11. Fotheringham, Stevenson, and Hawkins pitched for Vacaville, and they did very well, considering the poor support which they had to back them up. We are confident that we will be able to start next year's athletic schedule with that old-time life and 'pep' which so characterized the Vacaville High School team in the past."

—Paul Chandler, '20.

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### GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING

Under the direction of Miss Dormody, the girls of this school have taken up physical training in place of playing basketball, as they have done

for several years heretofore. This training has taken place entirely out-of-doors.

Certain specified exercises have been taken up, which have conduced in a remarkable degree to the better physical development of the girls. The chest exercises, involving deep breathing, have been especially beneficial.

Different members of the school, who showed marked ability in executing orders, were appointed by Miss Dormody to act as leaders in the work. On days when weather conditions would not permit of the outdoor exercises, Miss Dormody gave a series of lectures in First Aid to the Injured. These were very instructive, and will no doubt prove helpful to all. Some practice in folk dancing during the year proved both enjoyable and healthful.

Military training was made a part of the girls' work in this department. Several of the officers from the boys' ranks have, at different times, assisted the girls in military drill. The ready response to the commands showed that the girls were very capable of executing the martial orders.

Miss Dormody, the leader in the department of physical culture, was greatly pleased with the success of the girls in this work.

—Daisy March, '20.

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### TRIBUTE TO THE SENIORS

**S**—hifty are their gears.

**E**—ver ready are their batteries.

**N**—on-skid tires on the rear.

**I**—dled throttles are not known.

**O**—pen are their cut-outs always.

**R**—etreaded are their cases.

**S**—uccessful machines like these win the races.

—Marvin T. Woods, '21.



# DRAMATICS



The readers of the "Ulatis" will miss the annual Dramatic Notes, which have been so full of interest in the past. Owing to the outbreaks of the influenza, all preparations for dramatic work were laid aside. On this account, the High School has been unable to devote much time to putting on plays or dramatic presentations of any kind, which have hitherto been so successfully carried out by the students of this school.

The money which has usually been raised for the publication of our annual "Ulatis," by plays or operettas, was obtained this year by securing the University of California Glee Club, and also by presenting the picture "Little Women," at the Grand Theatre. The students of V. H. S. supplied a novel program of vaudeville numbers between the various acts of the picture.

VIVE LES DRAMATIQUES.

—Muriel Robinson, '20.





### AULD LANG SYNE

During the seventh study period, a sound of tapping feet was heard. "Who's making that sound?" asked Mrs. D. "Are those your feet, Charles?"

Charles F.—"I guess they ought to be. I've had 'em for 18 years."

### THERE'S A REASON

Because a girl with pretty teeth laughs at your joke, is no sign that the joke is especially amusing.

### WHY THE LAMP WENT OUT

In the parlor there were three,  
She, the parlor-lamp, and he;  
Two is company, no doubt,  
So the little lamp went out!—Ex.

They were dancing the one-step. The music was heavenly. The swish of her silken skirts was divine. The fragrance of the roses upon her bosom was really intoxicating.

"Ah," she smiled sweetly, with an arch look up into his face, "You remind me of one of Whitman's poems."

A sudden dizziness seemed to seize him. It was as if he were floating in a dream. When he sufficiently regained his breath, he spoke.

"Which one?"

"Oh, any one," she replied. "The feet are mixed in all of them."—Ex.

### PROMPT OBEDIENCE

Amelia—"I told him he mustn't see me anymore."

Mina—"Well, what did he do?"

Amelia—"Turned out the lights!"

---

### OVERHEARD AT A DANCE

Sherman—"Gee! Cecil, your hand is cold."

Cecil—"Yes, I know it is."

Bernice—"Huh, and that is the one I've been holding for the last ten minutes, too."

---

### FOUND IN SOPHOMORE LATIN BOOK

Lorena Watts, '21,  
Studied this book and not for fun.  
So did I and I'm glad I'm done,  
Frostie Jack, '21.

---

### IN BASKETBALL

Umpire—"Foul."

Andrew—"Where's the feathers?"

Ump—"My boy, this is a picked team."

---

Andrew—"Why do women, as a rule, talk more than men?"

Marion—"Oh, I suppose it's because they have the men to talk about."

---

Lloyd—"You used to say there was something about me you liked.

Muriel—"So I did. But you've spent it all."

---

Paul (in History)—"The people of Sardinia were very hostile and they were divided into four parts."

---

Little Short Man (shaking hands with Uriel)—"How do you do, Miss Rutherford? How's the weather up there?"

---

Prof. Chase (trying to sing in Assembly, was gloriously off the key. Marvin Woods, turning to him)—"Gee, Prof., why don't you get a pitchfork?"

---

Boyd—"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Leila—"Well, I learned Latin once."

Sherman and Mary talking about bands:

Sherman—"I like brass bands, don't you?"

Mary (bashfully)—"Yes, but I like gold bands the best."

---

Mary (in History II)—"What became of Alexander's country which he conquered after his death, Harry?"

---

"Words are inadequate to express my love."

"I know they are, Ferdy," said the dear girl. "Try candy and violets."

—Ex.



Mrs. Davisson—"What was hard about those questions?"

Clyde—"The answers."

---

Delbert (talking to George Pardi in study hall)—"Gee! I haven't had a scratch since our cat died."

---

Miss Dormody (in physical training)—"All right, girls, inhale everybody."

Irene Jones—"That's impossible."

---

Miss Dormody—"What did Washington do for his country?"

Charles—"He gave it an extra holiday."

---

Katherine S.—"Gee! I've got a pain."

Henry W.—"What's the matter?"

Katherine—"Oh, I've got my tongue twisted in my shoe."

---

Near-sighted sergeant inspecting camp, saw a mop standing on end in a tent. He rushed out and exclaimed to the officer in command: "Officer, see to it that that private has his hair cut immediately."



## ENGLISH

Mrs. Davisson does English teach  
You bet she makes things hum ;  
If you want to get her sore  
Just get your lessons bum.

---

## HOW WAS THIS MEANT?

Mrs. Davisson—"I see you have quite a talent for painting."  
Helen J.—"Do you think so?"  
Mrs. D.—"Yes ; I can see it in your face."

---

Sherman—"Say, Mary, you're such a good little girl, you'll surely go to heaven."  
Mary—"I don't want to go to heaven."  
Sherman—"Why-"  
Mary—"Because I want to go with you."

---

Katherine S.—"Mother has just decided not to let me go out at nights any more. What do you think of that?"  
Charles F.—"Well ; I hardly know. I never was around you when you were out."  
Katherine—"That's right, too."

---

Merl Waggoner—"What did you make in that history ex., Chase?"  
Cecil Chase—"Aw, by the time I had translated Miss Dormody's questions the gong rang."

---

Mr. Stoddard (in Latin II)—"Jack, how do you translate 'Haec in Gallia est important'?"  
Jack (just waking up)—"Hike it into Gaul ; it's important."

---

Mr. McGrew (in biology)—"Is a whale an animal or a fish?"  
Pewee Johnson—"It's a bird."

---

## "TOO MUCH HEAD START"

Clyde to Bill—"Let's race making faces."  
Bill—"Aw, no ; look at the one you got to start in with."

---

Mr. Burk (anxious to get rid of the job of dusting the bannisters)—  
"Yes, Bill and Clyde, you may slide down the bannisters if you wish."

### "A RIDDLE"

Katherine (seeing Leland Fisher walking down the street with his arms full of books, and missing the characteristic swing of his arms)—"Oh, Leland, I miss your arms." (Just what did she mean?)

---

### "FLEE-FLY-FLEW"

"Flee," cried Marion.

"No, you mean 'fly'," corrected Andrew.

"Never mind what insect, JUST go. Here comes mother."

---

### "SOCIAL LIFE"

Miss Dormody (to Leland)—"What are the restrictions levied by the legislature on social life?"

Leland—"On marriages and divorces."

---

### "LOOKING OUT FOR HIMSELF"

Leila to Henry—"I'm surprised that a boy 18 years old has never given a girl a present at Christmas, even a box of candy."

Henry—"Humph! No girl has ever given me anything."

---

Woods—"You have a room by yourself, haven't you, Hawk?"

Hawk—"Yes."

Woods—"Do you sweep it every morning?"

Hawk—"Yes."

Woods—"Do you sweep under the bed?"

Hawk—"Sure; I sweep everything under the bed."

---

Mrs. Davisson (in Freshman English)—"Donald, what is meant by rusticated?"

Donald—"It means when a man is barred from further education and gets rusty."

---

John Conness—"May I please pull that shutter down? The sun shines in my face."

Mr. McGrew—"No, leave it up; the sun is good for green things.—Ex."

---

Day after the Bolshevik comes to school—"I choose you, Paul."

"I won't play ball today; there might be a bomb inside the ball."

---

Elizabeth (in English)—"He married a woman as poor as himself, but she had two books."

---

### WHY?

Some ancient legends tell us,  
    Whence the Indian's copper shade.  
And we've learned why the African  
    Was a somber color made.  
But the greatest thing that puzzles us,  
    That in Books we've never seen,  
Is the antiquated question,  
    "Why were Freshies made so green?"—Ex.

---

Sherman had a wad of gum,  
    It was as white as snow,  
And everywhere that Sherman went,  
    That gum was sure to go.  
It followed him to school to-day,  
    Though 'twas against the rule,  
Prof. McGrew took it away  
    And chewed it after school.

---

### "WHAT WAS HIS MEANING?"

Boyd—"Want a piece of candy, Babe?"  
Amelia (opening her mouth)—"Yes, throw it."  
Boyd—"I'll miss your mouth."  
Mina—"Think you can miss her mouth?"  
Amelia—"Oh, wow!"  
Boyd—"Well, I know some one who never misses her mouth."

---

### "A DOUBLE MEANING"

Lloyd Chandler (in English)—"Milton's wife left him, didn't she?"  
Mrs. Davisson—"That's what the book says. Did he write anything  
after that?"  
Lloyd—"Oh, yes, Paradise Regained."

---

### "HEARD IN CLASS"

Lee—"Give me your heart, Babe?"  
Amelia—"Oh, no."  
Lee—"Well, don't be so touchy; I'll give it back."

---

### "HOW SAD"

Lorena—"Did you ever hear the story of the onion?"  
Dorothy—"No. Tell it."  
Lorena—"No, dearie, it would make you shed tears."

“DID YOU?”

Mr. McGrew (in Biology)—“If a person paints his entire body, he will die in a few hours.”

Clyde Weldon—“Why is it then that they paint chickens and they don’t die?”

Mr. McGrew—“Did you ever see a painted chicken?”

---

“SENIOR BRILLIANCE”

Charles Fotheringham—“It’s all over school.”

Ramona Lyon (excitedly)—“What is?”

Charles—“Why, the roof, little one!”—Ex.

---

“HEARD IN HISTORY IV”

Marion Robinson—“The Republicans did not like Citizen Genet’s conduct, so they turned over and became Federalists.”

---

A NEW MEANING FOR GYMNASIUM

Mina to Amelia—“Amelia, are you going to take Gym. this year?”

Amelia—“No, of course not; I’m going with Lee.”

---

FRESHMAN BRILLIANCE

Question (in Biology)—Why is a seal a mammal?

Brilliant Freshie—“Because it has four legs.”

---

Miss D. (in History IV.)—“Why do they always picture trusts as big fat men, with ‘Trust’ written across their chests?”

Lloyd Chandler—“So that they will have more room to write the word ‘Trust’.”

---

Lee McCrory—“Everything is going up.”

Boyd Parker—“Yes, yesterday a girl offered me a NICKEL for my thoughts.”

---

Miss Dormody (in First Aid)—“Hurry up, girls, I’m going to give you ‘fits’.”

---

Carroll H. to James C.—“Say, Jock, why don’t you shine the backs of your shoes?”

J.—“Why, a good soldier never looks behind; don’t you know that?”

Sophomore—"Why are the eighteen-year-old Senior boys so conspicuous?"

Brilliant Freshman—"Because they belong to the Ulatis Club."

---

Question—Why are the upper class girls such talented painters?

Answer (by Freshie)—Because they are skilled in painting faces.

---

Question—What made Leland Lyon's watch stop?

Answer—A girl's face.

---

Monritta to Leila—"I've never had a pair of shoes that fit but these, and they're too small."

---

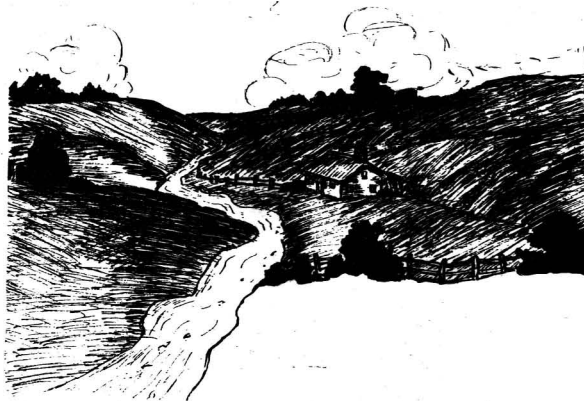
Extracts from Sherman Bassford's theme: "We fed our horses; then ate ourselves."

---

Woods says he is off of that town of Suisun for life.

---

Extracts from a letter: "We built the fire and proceeded to eat it."



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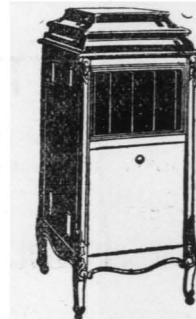
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